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HOME SONGS
AND
CHRONICLES OF THE ELLIS

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

HOME SONGS
AND
CHRONICLES OF THE ELLIS

LUCRETIA T. HOWE

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I Dedicate this little Book
To all who bear our name,
And pray heaven's richest blessing may
Descend upon the same.

And while another century rolls
Along this valley fair,
May sweeter songs than ours arise
Upon the evening air.

And may we ever cherish those
We knew in childhood's days,
And in this book their deeds record
In humble songs of praise.

CONTENTS.



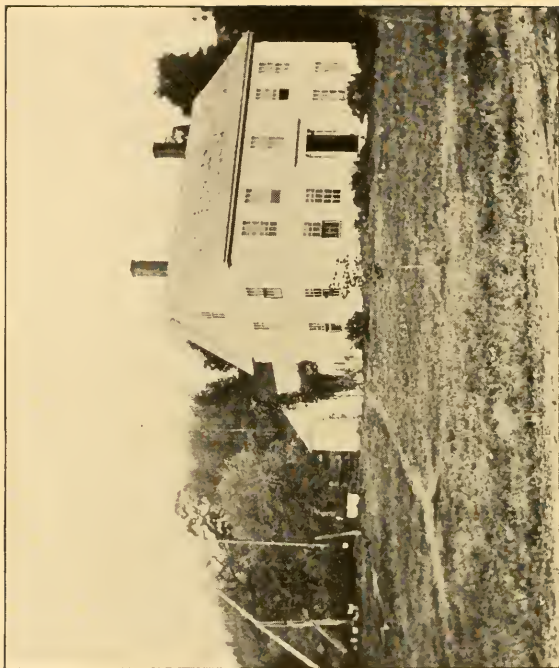
	PAGE
The Old House,	1
My Grandfather's Clock,	2
My Brook,	4
A Spring Song,	6
An August Day,	7
The Chronicles of the Ellis,	7
A Song to Summer,	17
Decoration Day,	18
The Old Red Cradle,	18
The Everlasting Hills,	21
The Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Elliott,	22
A Birthday Offering,	25
My Birthday,	27
The First Robin,	30
Children's Day,	30
Easter Lilies,	32
Children's Day and Harvest Concert,	33
Children's Day,	35
Easter Song,	37
A Fourth July Hymn,	39
For the Children,	40

In Memoriam,	41
She Rests,	42
"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep,"	42
She Was Young to Die,	43
Lines on the Death of Mrs. Y. A. Thurston,	44
Lines on the Death of Mr. Charles Proctor, and daughter, Roberta,	46
On Visiting the Old Home,	47
A Greeting for the C. E. Convention,	48
Eightieth Birthday of Mrs. Mary Ford,	49
Silver Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Elliott,	51
Reception given B. C. Wood,	52
Decoration Day,	55
The Message,	57
Christmas at J. K. Elliott's,	58
A Christmas Carol,	60
A Christmas Carol,	62
The Grange Dinner,	65
Memorial Day,	69
In Memory of Rev. John Elliott,	70
In Memory of Mrs. J. H. Rawson,	71
The Ninety-second Birthday,	72
In Memory of Miss Sarah P. Abbott,	73

Dedication of the Church,	75
' Happy Greeting,	76
Ninetieth Birthday of Mrs. Marcia Smith Stevens,	78
An Easter Offering,	80
Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Johnson,	81
Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Metcalf,	84
Memorial Day at Forest Hills,	85
The Old Churchyard,	86
A Golden Wedding,	88
The River Mascoma,	91
A Tribute to Bethel,	92
The Golden Wedding,	94
The Bethel Church Centennial,	95
A Birthday Sonnet,	97
Birthday Greeting,	97
Installation of the Pilgrim Fathers,	99
Evergreen Cemetery, Westbrook, Me.,	101
Maine General Hospital,	103
The Eighty-fifth Birthday of Jedediah Kimball,	107
Tribute to Neal Dow,	111
The Old Butternut Tree,	113

Going Home,	114
Lines for a Friend's Fiftieth Birthday,	115
A Song to Minnesota,	116
The City of Lincoln, Neb.,	118
Winter Scenes,	119
Free Journeys Around the World,	121
Lines on Presenting a Watch to Rev. William Hyde,	124
Friend Amy's Home,	125
In Remembrance of Baby Amy Chessman,	126
In Memoriam,	127
Visit of Miss Annie Stockbridge,	127
The Old Home at Andover,	129
The Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Lufkin,	130
She is not Dead, but Sleepeth,	134
Wedding Bells,	135
A Wedding Chime,	136
The Fortieth Wedding Anniversary,	137
The Eightieth Birthday of Mrs. H. M. Abbott,	138
Tribute to Sullivan R. Hutchins,	140
A Fireside Reverie,	141
Evening,	141
The Picnic,	142

Rumford Grange Field Day,	145
A Fourth of July Oration,	147
A Random Shot,	151
Ellis River Literary Union,	153
The Closing Session of the Literary Union,	155
Oration at Hutchins' Grove,	156
Thanksgiving Day,	160



THE OLD HOME.

THE OLD HOUSE.

THE old House stands where it long has stood,
For eighty years or more;
The pride and joy of my grandparents' hearts,
In the happy days of yore.

And from the old House they went softly out,
And left wide an open door,
That all their dear children might follow on,
And reach the other shore.

Their children lived near and toiled among
These hills and valleys fair,
And peace and plenty seemed to smile
Around them everywhere.

The old House became my dear father's care,
The only child born to them here,
Where he spent his long and eventful life,
'Till past his forescore year.

And here he brought his fair young bride,
And labored many a day;
And a group of merry children were seen
About the old House at play.

We can never forget their fortitude,
In the days and years gone by;
Heaven grant their confidence may be ours,
To cheer life's evening sky.

"They have finished their course and kept the faith,"
And passed out by the open door,
Though we may watch for them many a day,
They will never return to us more.

MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

ELLIS RIVER, 1896.

GRANDFATHER'S old clock stands stately and still,
In the ancestral halls of famed Orchard Hill,
Where he set it a ticking a long time ago,
For he lived here and died here, as some of you know.

Grandfather moved here and cleared up his farm,
Put up a snug house, a workshop and barn,
And added slowly to his income and stock,
And to bring things to time bought a nice wooden clock.

Grandfather's old clock tick-ticked along,
And his boys and girls grew sturdy and strong;
The sons settled down with their sweet young brides,
And cleared up farms by the fair Ellis' sides.

And here they toiled on for many a year,
Adding acres and children life's rough ways to cheer,
And the clock ticked away the golden hours,
While the valleys bloomed with sweet spring flowers.

The daughters married and moved away,
According to fashions of that early day;
In their humble homes they dwelt content,
With commonplace duties their lives were spent.

Their children spread out to every shore,
And many, alas! will return no more;
We shall long remember with love and pride,
Those large households by the Ellis' side.

My dear, dear old Grandfather I never saw,
He had several years crossed over the bar
Where they never need clocks to measure the time,
Nor yet hands to point out its glories sublime.

Life's pendulum here swung on to its close,
Ticking out its full weights of joys and of woes,
Running its daily lines in this pleasant place,
With a happy, contented, smiling face.

In the course of time Grandfather was laid
To sleep his last sleep in summer's sweet shade;
But the clock ticked on by night and by day,
Telling us the years were fast passing away.

Grandfather's children have all found their rest
With their toil worn hands folded over their breast,
But we, their children, will long revere
And cherish their memories year after year.

The old clock too, thinks its life work o'er,
And will not condescend to tell the time more;
And awaits with the fathers the glorious hour,
Of a Master-builder's skill and power.

Grandfather's old clock will always remain
A fine work of art, worthy its ancient name;
And long will its striking appeals touch the heart,
And its faithful message, you too must depart.

The next time you call around at Orchard Hill,
You will see the old clock standing solemn and still;
It's hands spread over it's time-worn face,
With an eager, expressive, old fashioned grace;
Its pendulum silent, awaiting still,
A master hand with its cunning skill.

MY BROOK.

ONCE on a time a rill set out
From its mountain home to look about.
With a happy face it ran away,
Singing its song by night and day.

It never stopped in its earnest quest,
To search for happiness or rest.
Sometime, 'tis true 'twould meander along,
But always singing a joyous song.

Sometime it would dance o'er its pebbly way,
But would never stop to idle or to play.
It enjoyed a leap or a pretty fall,
Or a daring run by the mountain wall.

The trees, bent down surprised to see
From whence its source of joy could be;
And all the wild flowers on the way
Would smile to see its ripples gay.

The happy bird would sit and sing
Beside the rill in early spring,
And call its mate to come and stay
And build their nest in balmy May.

And other rills came tumbling down
The mountain side only to drown
Themselves within this happy rill
Whose course was ever onward still.

It rippled o'er the meadows too,
Because it loved some good to do,
And gained such favor that it took
Unto itself the name of brook.

In its deep nooks the fishes fly
When prowling fishermen come nigh;
The cattle on a thousand hills
Would slake their thirst at its pure rills.

The horses and the sheep would run
To its cool shade in midday sun.
Upon its bank a mill was set,
Whose battered frame is standing yet.

At length it grew so very wide
A bridge was laid from side to side.
And so it ran year after year,
A thing of life and love and cheer.

And here we idly stand and sigh,
And turn away and say good bye;
The Ellis takes it to its heart
Saying, "My dear child we'll never part."

A SPRING SONG.

TO THE ELLIS RIVER, 1896.

○ LOVELY Ellis, awake from your slumbers
And tell us what fancies your dreaming may
bring.

Awake, awake, burst the fetters that bind thee,
Already I see a faint dawning of Spring.

O lovely Ellis, we long to behold thee,
Your bright happy face can make our hearts light,
And the pleasant sound of your rippling laughter
Can awaken the wind-flower and violets bright.

O lovely Ellis, the trees bending o'er thee,
Are waving their branches, dark, sullen and shrill;
Awaken, and clothe them again in new beauty,
That we may rejoice in thy loveliness still.

O lovely Ellis, roll on to the ocean,
And lovingly smile on all by the way;
With our mountains and valleys we cannot forget
thee,
For like thy bright waters we are hastening away.



THE ELLIS RIVER AND BRIDGE.

AN AUGUST DAY.

AT early morning when I walk abroad
And contemplate the wondrous works of God;
Watch the mists rise and calmly float away,
I hail with new delight the opening day.

When midday sun the vast creation fills
With light and heat, o'ershadowing vales and hills;
I rest me in the shadows by the way,
Beholding still the wonders of the day.

When evening's long drawn shadows earthward tend,
And all earth's poor, tired laborers homeward wend,
The sun sinks slowly down with purple ray,
Reflecting still the glories of the day.

THE CHRONICLES OF THE ELLIS.

FEB. 13, 1899.

II WONDER where my schoolmates are who fifty
years ago,
Walked over these old winding roads thro' winter's
drifts and snow;
Laughing and chatting gaily in homespun blue or
brown,
Who hardly ever lost a day though tempests raged
around.
I often get to thinking of the days of long ago,
And ask where all my schoolmates are; does any-
body know?

Where are the Perry girls and boys, Sarah, George
and Caroline,
Silvanus Poor and Christopher and Lewis down the
line;
Where's Betsy Hutchins, Enoch, with his jewsharp
and his song
Of "Two Burnt Holes in a Blanket," that cheered
the noontime on.
Where are David Hutchins' family of laughing girls
and boys
Who lived along the Ellis and shared its simple joys;
There were Enos, Lucy, Mary, Lydia, Lucinda, Jacob
and Sarah too,
While cousin Joel, Nancy Swan, Asa Boyden rise in
view,
And several others by that name in days long passed
away,
Are numbered with my schoolmates; where are they
all today?

Where are Eben Abbott's family, Matilda and
Sophia,
Who used to gather with us around the blazing fire,
And Nelson and Barzillai, and Charles the younger
son,
Attended school in those old days and added to the
fun.

Where are Hazen Abbott's girls and boys who lived
beside the brook,
And told us many a fish story they caught by line
and hook;

Where's Dolly, Susan, Hannah, Marshall and Lucetta Ann,
Who joined in all our country sports and mischief
helped to plan;
And Henry Martin, in his prime, used to the school
declaim,
"Pity the Sorrows of a Poor Old Man," winning
applause and fame.

Where are the John Howe boys and girls who lived
next house below,
They used to number six or seven, why, don't you
think it's so!
Charles Barker and Elizabeth, Asa, Rufus, Horace,
John,
And Charlotte and Lucinda, Nancy Ellen, the fairest
one;
And Rufus, strong and steady, was never known to
fail
Of being the last one on the road carrying the dinner
pail;
But oh, the turnovers and cheese and doughnuts
were so fine,
I wish someone would have the same and ask me out
to dine.

And who can tell how many from the house hard by
the school,
Were added to our numbers, helping out each teacher's
rule;
The Whittemores, the Moores, Chases, Elliotts, Andrews,
who can tell
How many used to gather around the olden well.

I wonder if my schoolmates think of those old scenes
today,
While these lovely hills and valleys re-echo, "Where
are they?"

And where is Uncle Calvin Howe and his old red
pung sleigh,
He used to gather quite a load driving along the
way;
With Frances and Mark Trafton, Lucretia, Julia,
Clare,
And Emma, Jane and younger ones, plenty of room
to spare;
And if they got tipped over they called it lots of fun,
And picked themselves all up again and away the
colts would run.

Where are the Jeff Howard girls and boys, Humphrey,
Elias, Tom,
And Huldah and Orinthia, Charles, Rodney F. and
John;
And where are Allen Segar's folks, Amos, Milton,
Mary and Dana B.,
Who often were disgusted with the teachers, don't
you see?
And where is Janey Farnum so pleasant and so fair,
With eyes so blue and tender and pretty golden hair.

Where are the John Rolfe girls and boys who lived
upon the hill,
Many of us remember how large a place they would
fill;

As teachers and as scholars they served their district
well,
And of the pleasant times held there you must have
heard one tell;
Where's Ruth, Henry, John, and Hannah, Clara and
Oscar D.,
While Carter, Moody, Betsey and Hannah taught us
our A. B. C.

Where are the Jacob Elliott boys who came from
Pembroke here,
And bought the Joel Howe old farm, growing richer
every year;
Kittridge and John Emery, and Matthew were in the
the olden schools,
And oft declaimed "The Three Black Crows" and
"Forty Old Maid Fools,"
Who went to an auction and bid off forty old worthy
Bach's,
And carried them safe to their homes upon their
slender backs.

Where's Timothy Holt's girls and boys who lived
way down below,
Webster and Scott and Chauncey, David, William,
Hannah, Chloe,
And cousin Newton, Emily, Henry and Cordelia
Stearns;
And pretty Alice Waterhouse to whom my memory
turns;

Where's Mariam and Charles H. Rolfe with cheeks
red as the rose,
On any blustering morning in winter's frost and
snows.

What has become of Aurora Black and where is
Irene Keech,
She used to have a sparkling eye, cheeks mellow as
a peach;
Where's William Foye and William Brown and Ben-
jamin P. Snow,
The girls all called him "Wonderful" some fifty years
ago.
Where's Lydia Frost and Lucy, and where is Emma
Ann,
Who "On the mountain top would sing, Lo the
sacred heralds stand."
These girls and boys passed in and out of our old
district school,
And after such accomplishment were qualified to
rule.

Where are the old schoolmasters who taught us in
those days,
And merited the gratitude as well as honest praise
Of all the parents who were bound to have some
wholesome rule,
Nor spare the rod to spoil the child attending district
school.

We remember with much pleasure our old teacher,
Alden Chase,
Who by his wit and wisdom came off conquerer in
this place;

With a host of foes to battle, sagacious, strong and
sage,
Gaining a lasting victory at eighteen years of age.

Where's mighty Mihill Mason who straightened out
the school,
When other methods seem to fail, took up his big
ferule;
And I am very certain we found out he had a way
Of keeping law and order and catching rogues at
play.

And Benjamin F. Hutchins taught our school two
winters more;
We had to mind our P's and Q's or else stand in the
floor;
And when we cut up very bad he'd sit us with the
boys,
Not thinking we esteemed it one of our greatest joys.

And Moody Rolfe taught us right well by wise and
stable rule,
And every one felt at the close a pleasant winter's
school;
And William Elliott wisely taught by methods new
and old,
That knowledge was a powerful thing worth more to
us than gold;
I've often heard my father say, and think he ought
to know,
He kept a model country school some fifty years ago.

Two winters in succession we had Francis Cushman
 Buck,
 Teaching with him was a hobby, he seemed to have
 the luck
 Of gaining both the good will of parents and schol-
 ars too;
 But pleasant seasons have an end, we had to say
 adieu.

There came to us one Arthur Brown, a pleasant smil-
 ing man,
 We found in him a teacher kind, he had us under-
 stand
 That reading, writing, spelling, was the best work we
 could do,
 And figure our own problems and paddle our own
 canoe.

What's become of H. N. Bolster who came up from
 the Cape,
 I think he taught but five whole days then made
 good his escape;
 And though we begged of him to stay and promised
 fair to be
 A worthy set of scholars; stay with us, no, not he,
 But turned his back upon the town with all its prom-
 ised joys
 For just the simple reason, those strapping girls and
 boys.

Where are our old Schoolmistresses who used to board
around,
I think the most of them would say much pleasure
they then found,
Among the numerous families the Ellis used to grow,
And long referred to those old times of fifty years
ago.

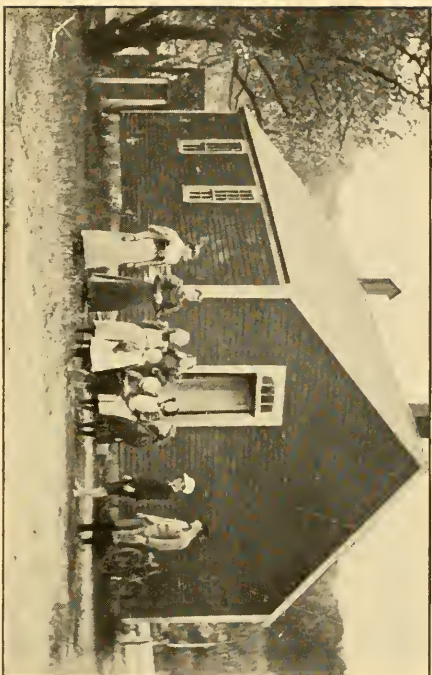
Where's Thirza Chapman, Mary Wight and Julia
Ann Dudley,
And Hannah Martin, Betsey Rolfe, Miss Sarah
Prince of B.,
And Susan Abbott, Hannah Rolfe and many more
are they,
Whose very names are household words e'en to the
present day.

Our summer or our winter schools, I know not
which were best,
We used to have such happy times when hunting for
bird's nests,
And climbing over fences for berries or for flowers,
Or playing in the sparkling brooks heeding not the
flying hours;
And then again in winter's time, we had such keen
delight,
Both claim an equal share of praise, with me each
one were bright.

If we'd had half those gimcracks taught as in our
schools today,
Each boy had made a president, each girl a lady gay;

So many odds against us while running in the race,
I think we all did fairly well to come off common-
place;
And could you call each one by name I think they'd
let you know
That life was worth the living some fifty years ago.

What's become of the old schoolhouse that seemed
just in its prime,
That holds so much of pleasure through all this
lapse of time;
It's noble line of Teachers and Scholars holds us yet,
Though we may never meet again we would not one
forget;
And I feel sad to tell you, don't call it, friends, a
joke,
Just fifty years ago this spring the old house went
up in smoke.
But the influence it exerted here will never pass
away,
It's teachings may have followed some, kept others
in the way;
Those girls and boys have learned we trust, to meet
life's joys and ills,
While toiling on their pilgrimage toward the sunset
hills,
And when I turn to those old scenes as I run to and
fro,
I wonder where the time has flown since fifty years
ago.



THE SCHOOL HOUSE.

A SONG TO SUMMER.

FOR THE ELLIS, AUG. 25, '95.

BEAUTIFUL Summer, canst thou not stay?
Why dost thou hasten so quickly away;
Did we not hold thee fond to our heart?
Are we not grieving with thee to part?
Beautiful Summer, stay with us, Oh stay;
Lovingly linger we fervently pray,
Beautiful Summer, Oh stay.

Beautiful Summer, refreshing thy showers;
Green are thy meadows, fragrant thy flowers,
Fair are thy footsteps, hastening away,
Fairest of seasons—canst thou not stay?
Beautiful Summer, stay with us, Oh stay;
Lovingly linger, we fervently pray,
Beautiful Summer, Oh stay.

Beautiful Summer, thy lessons we heed,
No one is waiting to bid thee God speed;
Thanks for thy favors of sunshine and showers,
Thanks for thy mercies these sweet summer hours.
Beautiful Summer, stay with us, Oh stay;
Lovingly linger, we fervently pray,
Beautiful Summer, Oh stay.

Beautiful Summer, fond memory will keep
Treasures of thee as the years onward sweep;
Pictures of mountain, river and sky,
Visions of earth scenes too lovely to die.
Beautiful Summer, stay with us, Oh stay;
Lovingly linger, we fervently pray,
Beautiful Summer, Oh stay.

DECORATION DAY.

1883.

HOW many since last Decoration Day,
Have borne a comrade or a friend away,
And with the fragrant blossoms laid them low,
Or made their bed beneath the fleecy snow.

Some have been gathered like a shock of corn,
Others cut down in life's bright joyous morn;
Palace and cot alike have been bereft,
There is no royal road for thee, O Death.

We scatter o'er their graves the fairest flowers,
A fitting emblem of this life of ours,
Where roses bloom and wither in a day,
And all that's mortal soon will pass away.

Teach us, Oh Father, that we may resign
Our every purpose to thy will divine;
We know not who may go or who may stay,
Or on whose grave our flowers may rest
Next Decoration Day.

THE OLD RED CRADLE.

FOR THE ELLIS, 1897.

FOR forty odd years the old red cradle
Was stored in the garret at Orchard Hill;
What to do with it seemed the vexed problem,
What further use could a cradle fulfill.

How proud must the parents have been with the first
born,
To build her a cradle of such ample size;
But as time rolled along they found it were needful,
For the family broadened with wondrous surprise.

Oh, bright were the days when the dear old cradle
Rocked fair daughters and sons from morn until
eve;
Except mother's arms the very best refuge,
From the great host of troubles which little ones
grieve.

The cradle would well hold three or four children,
And away they would rock now high and now low,
Till the speed ran beyond the wisdom of childhood,
When all of a sudden over they'd go.

Oh the happiest days are the days of our childhood,
With parents and sisters and brothers and friends;
Not all of the gold of our far famed Alaska,
Can for the loss of such gifts make amends.

The parents that rocked it had gone to that country,
From whose happy bourn no travelers return;
And the old house is growing silent and lonely,
For the fires on its hearthstone but dimly burn.

The children had drifted out of the household,
To seek their good fortunes or homes of their own;
But the cradle was left high and dry in the garret,
Battered and empty with the cobwebs alone.

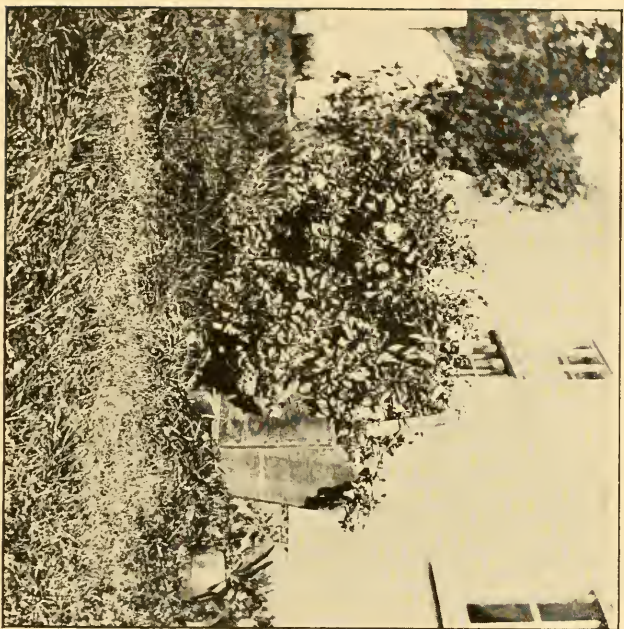
The grandchildren stretching away in the distance,
Despised the red cradle with its old fashioned
 grace,
And all with one voice exclaimed, burn it, oh, burn it,
 I wouldn't give it the ghost of a place.

Could any one bear to see an old cradle
 Go up in the flames by wanton hands set?
I pray you desist for hearts may be aching,
 As they think of the old days with tears of regret.

So we brought the old cradle down from it's hiding,
 And filled it with richest of earthly clays,
And planted the fairest, sweetest of flowers,
 That bud and bloom all the long summer days.

And there, should you drive up the lovely Ellis,
 And note each charming spot by the way,
You would see the old cradle rocking, rocking
 The flowers to sleep at the close of day.

And I sometimes think when our work is ended,
 And the shadows gather o'er hill and plain;
It were sweet to feel the trust of childhood
 And be tenderly rocked to our sleep again.



THE OLD RED CRADLE.

THE EVERLASTING HILLS.

Mrs. Gardiner Hoyt's Eightieth Birthday.

ELLIS RIVER, JAN., 1897.

|| LIFT mine eyes up to the hills today,
And think of earthly friends and kindred dear,
And watch the shadows gently come and go,
While toiling on in this, my eightieth year.
A misty haze is spread before mine eyes,
As I remember all the happy past,
And all the pleasant scenes of childhood's days,
Too bright and beautiful to always last.

I lift mine eyes up to the hills again,
And lo, another home is given to me;
With husband, children and grandchildren, friends—
While time rolls on to its unending sea.
Today I look away to these fair hills,
And claim the promises found written there;
And with my faltering steps and fading sight,
Trust in my Heavenly Father's love and care.

I lift mine eyes up to the hills for help,
To guide me in my pilgrimage below;
He will not suffer that my foot be moved,
He will not slumber while I softly go.
The sun shall not smite me by day,
Nor yet the moon by night.
The Lord from every evil shall preserve my soul,
He shall preserve my going out and coming in,
henceforth,
While days and months and years shall o'er me roll.

So shall I walk in safety every day,
Keeping mine eyes upon the heavenly hills;
Claiming these promises as wholly mine,
Not as I will, but as the dear Lord wills.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS.
N. W. ELLIOTT.

LYDIA CARTER, RUMFORD.

ELLIS RIVER, OCT. 4TH, 1893.

THE leaves are growing red and gold
 Upon the maple trees;
A gentle sighing seems to come
 Along the autumn's breeze.

They whisper of departed days,
 Of bright and joyous spring,
When everything seemed glad and free
 As birds upon the wing.

We see a maiden young and fair,
 Stand by a flowing stream,
Who looks with wonder on the scene,
 As in a pleasing dream.

She hears a step beside the stream,
 A gallant, brave and bold,
Who tells her in his happiest way
 A story new, yet old.

She listens—smiles, and soon we see
 Them walking hand in hand;
Adown the rolling stream of time,
 Which seems enchanted land.

Yet not alone, voices we hear
 Of children young and fair,
And oft their merry, merry shout
 Would rise upon the air.

The stream grows wider than at first,
 The trees are older grown;
And still the gallant youth and maid
 Are slowly journeying on.

They pass the Silver Bridge with care,
 Still hand in hand they go;
Still watch the scenes upon the shores,
 That cheered them long ago.

The Spring that once seemed very fair,
 Gives place to Summer time,
And o'er their senses steals the truth,
 They are not in their prime.

Voices that cheered them all the day,
 Have nearly all grown still;
They hope to hear each voice again,
 And bow to Heaven's blest will.

They follow still the winding stream,
 With all its changing ways,

Still walking ever side by side
As in the olden days.

They pause today at the Golden Bridge,
That was fifty years away
When a lover bold and a winsome maid
Plighted their faith that day.

And see! They are walking hand in hand,
As in all the happy past;
The way has grown lone, the stream grown
deep,
And shadows are backward cast.

The friends of youth are passing away,
The circle grows less every year;
They send you kindest regards today,
If they cannot be with you here.

They know your way leads Heavenward,
And the Golden Bridge no dream;
And you have no fears in crossing o'er
This wonderful, wonderful stream.

We hope to see you many more years,
Pass along hand in hand as of yore;
Before the pale boatman shall call unto you
To come out from your own cottage door.

Then take our good wishes and happy be
With what the Dear Lord has in store;
And may this Golden Wedding Day prove
His faithful love to you evermore.

A BIRTHDAY OFFERING.

To Our Friend, Mrs. M. J. Carter, Lawrence, Mass.

ELLIS RIVER, SEPT. 27, 1899.

MY beautiful, beautiful Summer
Is hurrying away,
I can count the days that are left me
On my right hand today;
Count the days and say where have they flown,
Since beautiful Spring-time came smiling along
With her leaves and buds and blooms so sweet,
And her creeping grass for my dainty feet.
Oh, where have you gone with all your train,
Shall I never behold your beauties again?

My beautiful, beautiful Summer,
No hour to me is lost;
In memory are treasures fondly stored,
Worth more than the simple cost,
Of field and meadow, rocks, trees and hills,
And the countless beauties one's vision fills,
As the sunlight lingers over the place,
And adds to each one a tender grace,
And the grand old mountains bow low and say,
"I wish you much joy on this happy day."

My beautiful, beautiful Summer,
Were my others just as fair
With gentle Spring-time's lovely reign,
And sweet enchanted air;
With Summer days of pure delight,
The songs of birds both day and night,

The lovely drives along the way
Where our own Ellis holds full sway,
And beckons you with hook and line
To catch a fish at any time,
And gather up the fairest flowers
To cheer you in the wintry hours.

My beautiful, beautiful Summer
 Brings home to me alway
An added year to my strict account;
 Life is not always May.
I've seen sweet Spring and youth go by,
With all my dear ones hovering nigh,
'Till now I count my seventy years—
How short a space my life appears,
Set down to me three score and ten;
Let me recount my mercies, when
I take a backward glance and see
How my dear Lord is leading me.

This beautiful, beautiful Summer,
 We bring our wishes true;
And on this happy birthday
 Our friendships we renew.
We love to have you with us,
Your presence gives good cheer;
God bless and keep and bring you
Safe to our hearts next year;
Our simple gifts are love, good will,
To follow you along, until
You reach life's golden sunset, where
The friends you love may freely share
The Heavenly peace and joy and rest,
Knowing our Father's ways are best.

MY BIRTHDAY.

ON February, the 13th, 1893,
A great event dropped down upon me,
I celebrated my sixtieth birthday
In my own unique, original way.

I invited my sisters from far and near,
And brothers to come and partake of the cheer,
And all my first cousins drew up in a line
To help me enjoy this birthday of mine.

From the very first start I had my own way,
Not a great thing I fancy for one little day,
And through all the racket I had my sweet will,
As well as the pleasure of paying the bill.

The pleasure, you say, can hardly mean that;
I think you will find the allusion quite pat,
For I was brought up to pay as you go,
If you have to cut down the expense of the show.

Outside was a typical winter's day,
Frosty with sunshine turning to gray;
Inside you could sing another tune,
For it seemed as fair as a day in June.

A fire burned bright on the kitchen hearth,
Where in olden time we held revel and mirth,
And everyone seemed at their very best,
And happily welcomed each coming guest.

The table was laid in due time with much skill,
The dinner, though simple, three courses would fill,
And when we were all invited to dine,
After listening to grace we sang Auld Lang Syne.

We ate and drank with hearty cheer,
Some said they wished birthdays came twice a year
When the three birthday cakes and sauces and pies
Burst forth on the vision with wondrous surprise.

We cracked nuts, and cracked jokes with old time fun,
And we also considered ourselves fair and young,
And would you believe when we brought the dessert
Some matronly matrons attempted to flirt.

But I brought them up short with a wave of my hand,
And said, "My good friends you will please under-
stand
That I am not yet laid upon the shelf,
If there must needs be flirting, I'll do it myself.

Allow me, dear friends, to make some little sign
That you may remember this birthday of mine;
Will the gentlemen present accept a clay pipe,
And these lady friends a handkerchief white.

And if your attention you now give to me,
I will set in array that you may all see
The many nice gifts that grew by the hour
And filled a large table in my lady's bower.

Some you may remember, others sooner forget,
The perfume of some in our mind lingers yet,
Especially Evangeline, whose long search for a lover
Is enjoyed by all true friends the wide world over.

The fruit plates, vase, bon bons, all have a place,
And a milk set my old fashioned table will grace,
When I shall grow old and alas have to eat
With a trembling hand—but why here repeat.

The poems all told me, though guarded with care,
I was still growing older and must be aware
That sooner or later these bright hours would flee
And leave me a clinging to the old ancestral tree.”

And so the hours went and with smiles on our face
We lingered around the old fire place,
And talked of the hopes and years gone by
Till the hour of parting seemed drawing nigh.

I tried to impress it on all their warm hearts,
That for these happy hours they had all done their
 parts,
And I hoped to meet them all often again,
And join with them in some olden refrain.

The day seemed too short, and the sun going fast
When we gave our dear friends a warm handclasp,
And said, “God bless you,” as they drove slowly
 away,
I will see you again on my ninetieth birthday.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

DAY after day I have heard the dear robins,
Singing their songs in the orchard trees;
Morning and evening their soft notes were calling,
Or melting away with the passing breeze.

Early this morning upon a high treetop,
The first pretty robin I cunningly spied,
His red breast was bathed in the glittering sunlight,
And his happiest song for my pleasure he tried.

Oh, robin, sweet robin, I cried out, delighted,
Stay with us and cheer us with presence and song,
And build your snug nest in some sheltering treetop,
And dwell with your mate while the days roll
along.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

D. S. HIBBERD, Student from Kansas.

ELLIS RIVER, JUNE 17, 1894.

IN many towns and cities far and near,
The children have one Sunday in the year,
And while the summer days return again
We meet to hold our very first,
Way down in Rumford, Maine.

Along the Ellis river, oh, how fair,
The perfume of our wild flowers fill the air,
The voices of the children low and sweet
Blend in the song and praises we repeat.

We thank our Heavenly Father for this day,
And humbly ask His guidance all the way,
We know not how to guide their feeble steps,
But in the Book of Life His word directs.

It may be possible our teacher here
Has given us Children's Day for many a year,
And while these faces with new pleasures glow;
June, with its roses, has no fairer show.

A little effort, often, makes them gay
And merry as a cricket all the day;
Sometimes their words of wisdom us confound,
When some perplexing question hovers round.

We want today our very happiest songs
And all good things which to the hour belongs,
The brightest, sweetest flowers from woodland bowers,
The kindest wishes of these hearts of ours.

We hope some tiny seed may take deep root,
Some tree be pruned to bear abundant fruit,
That, as the years along our path may roll,
The sheaves brought in may yield a hundred fold.

If Sheba's Queen should haply pass this way,
And see our Children's Sunday's first display,
Would she not say the half was never told,
When she beheld our flowers of shining gold.

This happy day, oh, who would count it lost?
Is it not worthy all the toil and cost?
Onward and upward may it lead the way,
And bring us nearer to the perfect day.

We hope that everyone present to-day
Some timely word may hear, and bear away
A few live thoughts that may return again,
May spring up broadcast, everywhere,
From Kansas down to Maine.

EASTER LILIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE ELLIS, 1897.

EASTER Lilies bud and bloom
Close beside the empty tomb,
Where an angel clothed in white
Watches through the silent night,
While they waited round with fear,
While the women lingered near.
"Fear not ye," the angel said,
"He is risen from the dead;
See, the stone is rolled away,
Come and see where the Lord lay."
And the joyful song, Oh hear,
He is risen—he is not here—
He goeth before into Galilee,
Follow on your Lord to see;
He will meet you by the way,
Worship at His feet today,
Let your hearts be comforted,
He is risen from the dead.

Easter Lilies, bloom today,
Let your perfume float away
On the Easter morning air
Like a sacrificial prayer.

While we gather round the place
To behold his smiling face,
Hear them tell again He's risen
And ascended into Heaven
To His Father and our own,
And before His gracious throne
Pleads today for you and me,
By the cross of Calvary.
Dry your tear, lift up your eyes,
Christ hath entered Paradise.
Fairer than the lilies fair
Are the crowns His followers wear,
And today His triumph sing,
He is risen, our Lord and King.

CHILDREN'S DAY AND HARVEST
CONCERT.

Presenting a Vase with Flowers to J. B. Lyman,
Student.

ELLIS RIVER, SEPT. 3, 1899.

KEEP your vase filled with flowers as you journey
along,
That its fragrance may cheer you like some hallowed
song;
May their bright colors blend like the signal rain-
bow,
And the language they speak set your heart all
aglow.
Keep your vase filled with flowers, should the morn-
ing look gray,

They will help drive dull care and sadness away;
At all times or seasons should they fail to please,
One resort is still waiting unlocked by Golden Keys.

Keep your vase filled with flowers, time runs on to
 high noon,
Life's bright golden morning flies away all too soon;
And we falter and shrink and exclaim, Hitherto,
And with renewed courage our journey pursue.
Keep your vase filled with flowers, when the sun's
 lingering ray
Falls over the world at the close of the day,
Like the fragrance of flowers, its radiant light
Lifts the heart up to God on the wings of the night.

Keep your vase filled with flowers, you always may
 wear
The Roses of Sharon wherever your are;
And the lilies in valleys with perfume most sweet,
You may lay with life's trophies at the dear Master's
 feet.
Keep your vase filled with flowers, Summer days will
 run by;
You will seek other lands and perchance fairer sky,
And the vales of the Ellis fade slowly from sight,
Like the mist on the mountains in the sun's glorious
 light.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

AT ELLIS RIVER, AUGUST 2, 1896.

THE hope of the world is the children,
Give them a happy hour;
Bring all your brightest, sweetest flowers,
From every woodland bower,
And let the fragrance rich and rare
Float out upon the Summer air,
And fill this valley with delight,
And linger on the faces bright
Of the dear children gathered here,
Who have been spared another year.
God grant with us they long may stay,
To cheer us on our pilgrim way,
And on this happy day we sing,
Bring all the little children in,
For the hope of the world is the children,
Gather, Oh gather them in.

The hope of the world is the children,
Give them your sweetest song,
And tell them the pleasing story,
Which to childhood's days belong,
How the Saviour blessed the children
As they sat upon his knee,
Saying, "Let no one forbid them,
Suffer them to come unto me.
Whoso would be greatest among you
Should be as a little child."
Let us bring them all before Him,
That they may receive His smile,

That His hand on their head in blessing
May rest this very day,
And all these little children
Bear a happy song away.
Let us join with them in singing
Bring all the dear children in,
For the hope of the world is the children,
Gather, Oh gather them in.

A year ago on Children's day,
A mother stood by the open door
With her little children by her side;
She walks with us no more.
We trust today with angel eyes
She watches out from Paradise
And smiles upon her children dear,
Can we not feel her presence here?
Can we not hear her gently say
"Are all the children here today?"
We miss the sunlight of her face,
We miss her gentle, quiet grace,
And bring with love memorial flowers
To speak her worth in these glad hours,
And for her dear ones let us pray
They all be found in wisdom's way.
And we remember year by year,
The friends who gathered with us here
On children's day. Our teachers kind
Let us today bear them in mind,
And whether east or west they stray,
Send them our kind regards today.
And for the friends and neighbors dear

We are glad to see you always here,
Your kind indulgence leads the way,
Your presence gives to this glad day.
Let us once more together sing
Bring all the little children in,
For the hope of the world is the children,
Gather, Oh gather them in.

EASTER SONG.

MARCH 25, 1894.

THIS Cloth of Gold geranium came to me Christ-
mas time,
A gift of wondrous beauty still in its very prime,
We have all enjoyed its presence through all our
wintry way,
And I've bro't it here to smile on you this happy
Easter Day.
We trust in every human life there is a Thread of
Gold,
Running in lines of beauty with blessings manifold,
With power to scatter broadcast o'er these rough
paths of ours,
The brightness and the fragrance of life's most
precious flowers.
Flowers like kind words lift up the heart bowed down
with grief or care,
We feel their gentle presence floating upon the air,
And when we see them budding and bursting into
bloom,

They lead us to the garden beside the hallowed
tomb.
So when the loved disciples came to weep at break of
day,
From the door of the sepulchre the stone was rolled
away,
And an angel of the Lord was sitting, watching
there,
His countenance like lightning, his raiment white
and fair.
The angel answered the women and said to them,
"Fear not ye,
I know that ye seek Jesus who was crucified for thee,
He is not here for He is risen, He from the grave is
freed;
And go quickly tell his disciples that He is risen in-
deed,
And behold He goeth before you into dear loved
Galilee,
And there shall ye all see Him, Lo I have told it
thee."
And they departed from the sepulchre with greatest
joy and fear,
And did run to bring his disciples word, saying, "Our
Lord is surely here,"
And as they went to tell the news—behold Jesus met
them,
Saying, "All hail," and they came near and stood
and worshipped Him.
A lesson we may learn from this resurrection day,
A dying risen Saviour can make light the darkest
way,

We need not go to Galilee to see our risen Lord,
He is present where but two or three believe His
gracious word,
As he did comfort Mary so would He comfort us
If we like loving Mary, in Him would simply trust.
But we like doubting Thomas are unwilling to be-
lieve
That Christ for us is risen, and so we sit and grieve.
Let us hope this blessed Easter, like the perfume of
the flowers,
May awake to life and beauty these human hearts of
ours.

A FOURTH JULY HYMN.

Written By Request of J. C. Farnham.

ELLIS RIVER, 1891.

○ LORD of Hosts! To Thee we pray,
For blessings on this joyful day;
Fill every heart with grateful love,
And peace which cometh from above.

Wake in each soul a deep desire
To love and cherish Freedom's fire
Which burns and glows all o'er our land,
Held by a Father's gracious hand.

Teach us to feel this land is ours,
Our thoughts, our purposes and powers
Should be devoted to its care,
And all as one its blessings share.

May no false traitor lurk within,
May we root out each hidden sin,
And free our land from every stain,
The drunkard's curse, the power of gain.

We thank Thee for the hallowed past
And what the present hour forecasts,
And for the future trust Thy power
To keep us in the trying hour.

Bid sweet contentment come once more
And rest beside each cottage door,
And every subject loyal be
To God which is true liberty.

Lead, as of old, in Thine own way,
By wondrous cloud day after day,
And through earth's dark and gloomy night
Still guide us with Thy flame of light.

Bid us not rest nor stay our hand
Till we shall reach the promised land,
And at our Saviour's feet bow down
And from His hand receive a crown.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

CHRISTMAS, DEC. 25, 1893.

HAVE you seen the star, have you followed on
To Bethlehem today?
Have you seen the manger rude and cold
Where the Infant Jesus lay?
Have you watched and waited at your post
Your hearts with joy aflame,

And heard the songs of the Heavenly host
Chant praises to his name?
Have you seen the shepherds with their flocks
Abiding safe by night,
While the glory of the Lord shone round
With a wondrous shining light,
And heard the angels say to you,
“Fear not, great joy I bring,
For unto you is born this day
A Saviour and a King.”
So let our Christmas songs arise
On this bright happy day,
Glory to God, peace on the earth,
Good will to men we pray.

IN MEMORIAM.

JULY 1884.

WE know he closed his eyes one summer's day,
And from his earthly home was borne away,
Lifeless and silent of the passing throng,
With whom he spent his fourscore years among,
And laid to rest within the valley fair,
Guarded by mountains hovering o'er it there,
Like sentinels to watch his sweet repose
Through Summer days and Winter's chilling snows.
Though passed from sight he is not gone away,
He walks again along life's olden way,
His kindly voice we hear at eventide,
Often he lingers by the warm fireside,
His presence will be felt while here we roam
And children gather round the dear old home.

SHE RESTS.

NOVEMBER, 1882,

PUT out the lights and let her rest
Free from all earthly care,
And bring your sweetest flowers to deck
Her marble brow so fair.

Put out the lights and let her rest,
Her weary work is o'er;
We trust she calmly, sweetly rests
Safe on the other shore.

Put out the lights, life's little day
With us will soon be o'er,
And we shall go to join the loved
Where parting comes no more,

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

Lines on the Death of Mrs. Augusta M. Howe, Ellis
River, who Died Nov. 1st, 1897.

O WAKE her not—she sweetly sleeps,—
Hands folded o'er her breast;
To weary days and anxious nights,
O wake her not,—she rests.

She rests from labor, and her works
Will follow day by day;
While on the wings of time the years
Keep their appointed way.

O wake her not—her beckoning hand
Will reach to every one
Of her beloved household band,
Pleading for them to come.

O wake her not—we long shall miss
From life's uncounted hours
Her presence in her earthly home,
Made sweet with summer flowers.

O wake her not—we cannot know
How soon our time may come,
When we shall bid adieu to earth,
And seek our Heavenly home.

O wake her not—the Saviour saith,
She is not dead—why weep?
We give her to His loving care
Of perfect rest, and sleep.

SHE WAS YOUNG TO DIE.

Mrs. Eva Howe Bacon, Hanover, Maine, Died
Oct. 10, 1898.

SO young to die,—so young and fair,
We gaze upon her vacant chair,
And think how could we let her go,
When we all loved our darling so.

So young to die,—and yet it seems,
She lives again in our fond dreams;
Sleeping or waking, she draws near,
And calms our grief and dries our tear.

So young to die,—and yet we know
 She was the best prepared to go;
 And while we mourn with hearts opprest,
 We bow and say God's ways are best.

So young to die,—she beckons you
 To that blest home she had in view;
 Where music sweet fills all the place
 With songs no human mind could trace.

So young to die,—yet heaven was kind
 Our hearts to cheer—our eyes to blind,
 While gently leading down the vale
 Where oftentimes we shrinking quail.

So young to die,—our loss her gain,
 No more to suffer grief or pain,
 But dwelling in a fairer land
 And beckoning still with loving hand.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. Y. A.
 THURSTON.

ELLIS RIVER, OCT. 19, 1895.

AMID October's softly falling leaves,
 The Master comes to gather in His sheaves,
 His faithful messenger, Death, claims them all,
 And in our peaceful home spreads out his funeral
 pall.

We shudder when we feel his chilling hand,
His perfect right we cannot understand;
And while he whispers to them sweet and low,
We cling to them, we will not let them go.

Like a swift arrow in a sunlit sky,
Our hearts were pierced with sorrow's mournful cry;
No human help or hope to us is left,
We of a dear loved friend have been bereft.

We bring with love the sympathizing tear
For husband, children and the parents dear;
Sister and brother share our mutual grief,
With mingled tears our hearts will find relief.

A universal sorrow fills the place
Where she has moved with such a quiet grace;
Long will her memory in our hearts be green,
Long will her influence in her home be seen.

We cannot know the Father's tender love,
That called her to his blessed home above, .
Where there shall be no night nor any pain,
Oh happy thought, for them to die is gain,
And in that happier, "Better Land,"
We'll meet them soon, again.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. CHAS.
PROCTOR AND DAUGHTER, ROBERTA.

A MOTHER sat weeping at the close of the day,
For her husband and child had both passed away,
And were now calmly sleeping their last earthly
sleep.

At the sight of such sorrow an angel might weep,
For there, side by side, they lay cold in death,
Even strangers beholding would fain hold their
breath;

And the dear children gathered in silence and tears,
For their circle was broken in life's happy years,
And dark was the night of their sorrow and gloom,
For their father and sister must be borne to the
tomb,

And the mother in grief and anguish bowed low,
While tears from her weeping eyes softly did flow,
When she heard a voice speaking in accents so mild,

“Daughter! Is it well with thee?

Is it well with thy husband?

Is it well with the child?”

The mother raised her bowed head at hearing the
voice,

And the message so tender made her heart to rejoice.

“Faint not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,

The God of the widow will give thee his aid.

He a Father will be to thy children so dear,

In the day of thy trouble he will ever be near,

And the Comforter graciously waits to bestow

His blessing and help while you tarry below;
And thy burden so heavy shall be lifted again,
As homeward you journey midst suffering and pain,
To meet all the loved ones who are gone on before,
And will watch for your coming on that fairer shore."
And the mother made answer and tenderly smiled,
Saying,—“It is well with me,
It is well with my husband,
It is well with the child.”

ON VISITING THE OLD HOME.

THE winds of October are softly blowing,
Over the mountains and over the plain,
The maple leaves with bright colors are glowing,
When shall I look on these loved scenes again.

Years have passed by since I gazed on their beauty,
Graves have been made in the valley so still;
Life has grown fuller of care and of duty—
Over them all I would wander at will.

With a fond memory I'll hold them forever,
Past and the present shall ever remain,
Dreams of my childhood time cannot sever
Though I may never behold them again.

A GREETING FOR THE C. E. CONVENTION

At Rumford Point, June 15, 1897.

COME, for all things are ready, the fairest day of
June

Is waiting to receive you with all her wealth of
bloom;

And the richest of her treasure bestows with kindly
grace,

Like showers of blessings falling within this sacred
place.

Come, for all things are ready, our doors are open
wide,

We bring you cordial greeting from all this country
side;

Our ears are all attuned to hear the glad tidings you
bring

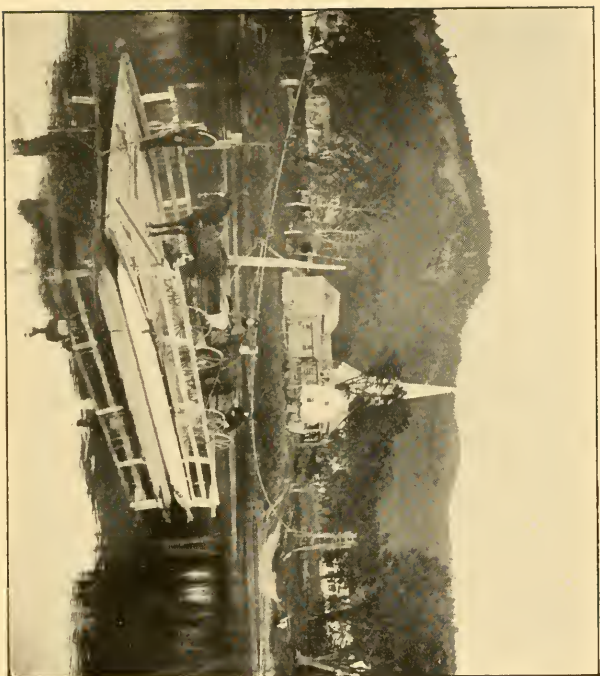
Of the stately goings forth today, for Christ and the
Church we sing.

Come, for all things are ready, let each one endeavor
here,

To do more earnest Christian work throughout the
coming year;

With faith and hope and charity inscribed upon our
shield,

The waysides and the stony fields may richer har-
vests yield.



RUMFORD POINT.

Come, for all things are ready, our lovely river here,
Rises to this occasion and brings you happiest cheer;
And we pray Heaven's richest blessing may rest on
 you today,
And linger in fond memories when you are far away.

Come, for all things are ready, long may this meet-
 ing be
Remembered for its counsel sweet, its social unity;
And we would say most gladly, as we take the part-
 ing hand,
God bless and speed the Mission of our Christian
 Endeavor Band.

EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY OF MRS. MARY
FORD, RUMFORD POINT.

DEC. 4, 1897.

THE year is swiftly hurrying on,
 With all its promise fair;
E'en now I feel upon my cheek
 The keen December air.

The May-day of life's joyous time,
 Hath flown on eagle wing,
And left me here almost alone
 My plaintive song to sing.

The Spring with all its bud and bloom
 Of flower, for me has gone;
Save fondest hopes and happy hours,
 For me to dwell upon.

Sweet Summer came to bless my life,
 With labors for my kind;
 And duties, plans of future years,
 For them were borne in mind.

The Autumn with its ripened fruit
 Of life's most golden store,
 Was mine to pluck and gather in;
 Would I had garnered more.

The Winter of my life has come,
 Like this December gray,
 Where with my family I keep
 My Eightieth birthday.

I look out on my native hills,
 While tears bedew mine eyes;
 And pondering on life's toilsome way,
 How many mercies rise.

And standing on life's outer bound,
 I stretch my hands and cry,
 "Dear Saviour, come and comfort me,
 Oh, hear my humble sigh.

The way is dark, calm Thou my fears,
 And send a Heavenly ray,
 And let thy presence cheer my heart
 This Eightieth birthday."

SILVER WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. J. K.
ELLIOTT.

LUCINDA G. HOWE.

ELLIS RIVER, FEB. 3, 1895.

THE happy chime of Silver Wedding bells,
Float round the Ellis, and the mountain side;
And tell us that the years have swiftly run
By these dear friends, our bridegroom and his
bride.

We see them in the happy long ago,
Striving to make home pleasant and serene;
While year by year have lisp'ing voices come
To join the chorus of the household scene.

Fair daughters and brave sons were added to
The little group whom time had sore distressed;
Mingling in one the current of their lives,
Grown with the years more hopeful and more
blessed.

Their joys and sorrows we have freely shared,
While journeying on these common county ways,
And 'tis our prayer they with us long remain,
To spend the evening of their pilgrim days.

Our hearts rejoice while seasons come and go,
So much of comfort, resignation, peace,
Rests on this household and we humbly pray
Heaven's choicest blessings may with years in-
crease.

And to the Father's care we now commend
These loving friends forever and a day,
We hope to meet them in some fairer clime,
When all earth's changes shall have passed away.

RECEPTION GIVEN B. C. WOOD.

ELLIS RIVER, AUG. 29, 1892.

THE field was Rumford, and the Master set
His servant in the northern part of it,
To labor in his vineyard day by day,
While all the Summer hours should pass away.

He bade the servant for the work prepare,
To put the armor on with many a care,
To wrestle in the conflict for the right
And all the works of darkness put to flight.

And thus prepared, in flush of early youth,
Having the loins girded about with truth,
With the breast-plate of righteousness secure,
That to the end the servant might endure.

The feet well shod, the labor to increase,
With preparations of the gospel peace;
Above all taking the shield of faith
To quench the fiery darts that fly beneath.

And take the helmet of salvation true,
The head to shield from heat, and danger too;
And with the sword of the spirit in the hand,
Which is the Word of God—equipt to stand.

And praying always with all fervent prayer
And supplications for the Father's care,
To bless the work and lead the servant on,
To make the mystery of this gospel known.

The servant came,—a student from the school;
No doubt he brought with him the golden rule,
And chart and compass from the Master's hand,
That he might enter and possess the land.

He ran his eye along the northern gate,
And to himself he said, "I need not wait;
The Master told me there was much to do,
The time was short, the laborers were few.

"I'll move these thorns and briars from the way
Lest they give trouble in the coming day;
And dig along this hedge at early dawn,
And scatter here some seeds of wheat and corn.

"This little tree with branches bending low,
I'll trim with care, that it may stronger grow,
So that the happy birds may build a nest
And rear their brood in peace and quietness.

"This dark old corner with its choking vines,
Shall be renewed with pleasant curving lines,
And goodly seed be sown with liberal hand,
That long may bud and blossom in the land.

"This grove of trees close by the vineyard wall,
So full of leaves and branches, strong and tall,
Shall feel my fostering care from day to day
Till they shall wondrous symmetry display.

"This little stream that runs so calm and still,
I'll clear of sticks and stones so that it will
Run with glad haste and sing a happy song
To cheer the weary heart while toiling on.

“This gnarled old oak whose branches towering high
Defy the wintry winds with groan and sigh,
Shall feel the pruning knife about its roots,
That it again may send out vigorous shoots.

“This gray old rock, half hidden in the mire,
Shall feel the power of the refiner’s fire,
And stand a monument forever more,
And tell the Master’s victory o’er and o’er.

“These vineyard walls need strength; my feeble hand
Cannot protect this pleasant smiling land;
The Master’s hand alone can hold it fast,
While days and years run swiftly, hurrying past.”

The Summer waned, and in the twilight late
The servant stood beside the vineyard gate;
His head was bare, his hand seemed outstretched o’er,
As if a blessing he would still implore
To rest upon them and with them abide.—
He turned and saw the Master by his side.

He bowed his head, and pointing o’er the land,
Said, “My dear Master, thou must understand.”
No other words he sought out to repeat,
But humbly fell down at the Master’s feet.

The Master laid His hand upon his head,
And said, “My son, be thou much comforted;
Thou hast well done, the seed you scattered free
May bear fourfold of richest grain for me.

“Perchance you may return another year
And gather in the full corn in the ear;
Perchance on other Summer’s dewy eves
You’ll come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
A Paul may plant, Apollos water free,
But God alone can give the victory.”

He arose, and gazed upon the evening fair,
And in the stillness breathed a fervent prayer;
And when he came back to the room apace,
A smile still lingered on his thoughtful face;
And all the people said he must have seen
Visions of angels, or a waking dream.

He only said, “My friends, I go away,
But the dear Master will forever stay;
He is the best, the dearest, truest friend,
His love to all I freely would commend.”

And at the Throne of Mercy may we plead
For strength and courage, while we say Godspeed,
And God be with you, till we meet again,
Be our farewell, our tender, sad refrain.

DECORATION DAY.

RUMFORD POINT, MAY 30, 1894.

BENEATH the smiling skies of May,
Our flag floats to the breeze;
Where Rumford greets her gallant sons
Beside her native trees.

The whispering pines their stories tell
 To comrades gathered here;
 To some they bring a happy smile,
 To others memories dear.

The river murmurs as it flows
 A song of love and peace,
 And bears them to a happier land
 Where wars and tumults cease.

The martial strains fall on the ear,
 With tender sad refrain;
 The mountains take the echoes up,
 And send them back again.

The sire, the grandsire and the son,
 And matrons grave and gay,
 And maidens fair and laughing child,
 God speed them on their way.

They scatter o'er each comrade's bed
 May's brightest, sweetest flowers,
 And speak with tender, cheering words
 Through all the passing hours.

Year after year the hand of time
 Falls softly on each brow;
 Those youthful heroes of the wars
 Are bearded veterans, now.

Their comrades sleep in every land,
 From east to western shore;
 Today in peace, hand clasped in hand,
 They scatter flowers once more,

And tell of all the noble deeds,
Of fathers, brothers, sons;
And on whose field the deadliest fight,
And greatest victory won.

The Great Commander leads the march,
Forward the battle cry;
The answer comes along the line,
Ready to do or die.

THE MESSAGE.

WHAT message from the Master hast thou
brought
That shall lift up our waiting hearts today;
What miracle the Saviour's hand hath wrought
Leads us to humbly worship and to pray.

What precept and example canst thou bring
That gives us strength and courage to go on—
What better friend—surely none can be found
Than this we read of—His beloved Son.

All times and places are the records true,
He loved the world so well His life he gave.
This is the message I have brought to you,
He lived and died, your precious souls to save.

Will you not take the message sent from heaven,
There is none other name among men given.
Oh, come and welcome—Yea this very hour
Come and accept, believe and be forgiven.

CHRISTMAS AT J. K. ELLIOTT'S.

DEC. 25, 1897.

HAVE you heard the wondrous story,
Told to-day in all the earth;
Long foretold by ancient prophets,
Of our Saviour's lowly birth?

How the wise men came to Bethlehem,
Guided by a radiant star,
Followed till it came, stood over,
Where the child and mother were?

How they all rejoiced with great joy
That their quest had come so true;
And fell down and worshipped gladly,
Opening treasures rich and new?

And presented unto him gifts,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh;
And departed to their country,
Spreading the good news afar?

Never such a wondrous story,
E'er was told in Bethlehem;
Ne'er again will stars appearing
Startle kings, or yet, wise men.

But the wondrous, wondrous story,
Told to-day in all the earth,
Fills our hearts with love and rapture,
While we here rehearse His birth.

For the angel had declared Him
Named Immanuel, God with us;
He should save His people ever,
Who in Him would humbly trust.

Let us bring our loving treasures,
Strew them all along our way,
Sing again a song of gladness,
Christ was born on Christmas day.

St. Luke tells us Judean shepherds,
Watching o'er their flocks by night,
Saw the angel and God's glory,
Like unto a heavenly light.

And the angel said unto them,
Fear not, for behold I bring
Tidings good and of great joy,
That all people now may sing.
Take, oh take this tender story,
Chant again this holy hymn.

For unto you is born this day
A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord;
And this sign shall be unto you,
You shall find the sure record.

And shall find the babe wrapped lying
In a manger rude and dim,
While the heavenly host and angels
Sing their praise in holy hymn.

Glory in the highest, glory,
On earth peace, good will to men,
Tell the story to all people,
Wake the angel songs again.
Let us say as did those shepherds,
Let us go to Bethlehem,
See this thing which came to pass there,
By the Lord made known to them.
And return as did those shepherds,
Glorifying and praising God
For the things that they had seen there,
And the wondrous things they heard.
Glory in the highest, glory,
Christ was born in Bethlehem.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

READ AT SIDNEY P. HOWE'S.

FOR THE ELLIS, 1895.

○ BETHLEHEM!

Thou fairest city of the Eastern world,
How many eyes will fondly turn to thee;
How many feet will tread thy streets today,
For Christ, our Lord and Saviour, here was born,
On Christmas Day.

O Bethlehem!

'Tis many, many hundred years ago,
Since these glad tidings to the world were brought;
The glorious news has spread to every land,
And islands of the sea thy songs have caught,
On Christmas Day.

O Bethlehem !

What wonder that the humble shepherds there
Were sore afraid, the glory to behold;
And listening, heard the angel say, Fear not,
I bring good tidings to a waiting world,
On Christmas Day.

O Bethlehem !

Thou didst proclaim to all the heavenly truth,
For unto you is born this day a Saviour, Lord,
And this sign shall be, ye shall find the babe,
And a multitude of the heavenly host praising God
On Christmas Day.

O Bethlehem !

Thou hast not lost a single joyous strain,
Glory to God, and on the broad earth, peace;
Good will to men, forever, ever more,
Let Faith and Hope and Love with years increase
On Christmas Day.

O Bethlehem !

Draw us still nearer to happy gates
And let the glory of our Lord appear;
Teach us to sing anew the joyous song,
Glory to God in highest praise each year
On Christmas Day.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Written for the Ellis.

DEC. 25TH, 1894.

OF T as returns the eventful Christmas time,
Echoes from far off Bethlehem sweetly chime
Throughout the world, a wondering people haste,
To once again look on the smiling face
Of the dear babe, in a rude manger laid,
Because no room for him within the inn was made.
In the same country shepherds through the night,
Abiding in the fields, beheld a wondrous light,
The glory of the Lord around about did shine,
Making the hills and valleys seem almost divine;
And they were sore afraid and to the others said,
Let us now go to Bethlehem with all speed
And see this thing which there has come to pass,
Which the Lord now hath made known unto us.
And they all came with haste and saw the babe so
meek and mild,
Then made known abroad the saying concerning this
young child,
And all that heard it wondered at those things,
while it seemed
Like unto some fair vision, by the humble shepherds
dreamed.
And they returned directly, glorifying and praising
God
For all the things that they had seen, and all that
they had heard.

REFRAIN.

Oh, wonderful, wonderful story, proclaimed by shepherds,
Angels and men, while the heavenly host sang
“Glory to God, on earth peace, good will to men.”

And lo, the angel of the Lord said unto them, “This thing
Is but good tidings of great joy, I to all people bring,
For unto you is born this day in David’s City fair,
A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord, Wonderful, Counsellor.
And by this sign I give to you, ye there shall find the babe,
With his parents bending o’er him, and in a manger laid.”
And suddenly with the angel appeared a heavenly throng,
Saying, “Glory to God in the highest, good will to men belong,
And on earth peace.” Abiding peace, we hear the angels say,
Before from these watchful shepherds, into heaven they were gone away.

REFRAIN.

Oh, wonderful, wonderful story, proclaimed by shepherds,
Angels and men, while the heavenly host sang
“Glory to God, on earth peace, good will to men.”

And we are also told, behold, there came wise men,
From their own home in the east, even to Jerusalem,
Saying, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews,
For we have seen his star in the east and rejoice in
the glorious news."

And they were sent to Bethlehem to search on its
fertile plain,

And when they had found the child to return, bring-
ing Herod word again,

And lo, the star which they saw in the east went
before them all the way

'Till it came and stood over where the young child
beside its mother lay;

And when they were come into the house they saw
the fair young child,

And straightway fell down and worshipped him, re-
joicing all the while;

And when they had opened their treasures, they pre-
sented him gifts of gold,

While their spices of myrrh and frankincense their
loving homage told.

REFRAIN.

Oh, wonderful, wonderful story, proclaimed by shep-
herds,

Angels and men, while the heavenly host sang

"Glory to God, on earth peace, good will to men."

THE GRANGE DINNER.

RUMFORD CENTRE, JAN. 1893.

YOUR kind invitation, though coming up late,
Was as kindly accepted, and here I will state
It found us as dry as a midsummer spring;
But we hitched up our Robin and drove ourselves in,
And bro't down the best of our reserve forces,
Which I will serve up in three or four courses.

And first let me say we are glad to be here
To meet with your Order and partake of your cheer,
And hope from today it may take such a boom
As scarcely to leave in this hall standing room,
And during the year your fame be so great
As to overflow largely the bounds of our State.

And now if you think that grace has been said,
I will pass around the soup and the toast bread.
The soup, if you please, we will call it, consomme,
Perhaps it had better be classed as Bon Hommie.
We won't discuss names but stick for the flavor,
Resolved to do every true Granger a favor.

And into this course I will now introduce
The farming establishments and their produce,
And decide what is best to grow on a farm,—
The subject can never do any one harm,—
And what can be gained in the course of a year
The sum and the substance I'll try to make clear.

I think tilling the soil is a first class trade,
It best fills the bill of any yet made;
And has been handed down to us from the ages,
Adapted to rich men, to wise men and sages
Who feel they have need of some great work to do
That will keep a clear conscience and pay their way
too.

The best thing we hold is a comfortable home,
No man with five senses afar off would roam;
It makes us so homesick when some of them say
“I’d sell the old homestead and move off today,
If I could but have my money all down
You’d never catch me again in this town.”

And where would they go, I will ask you all—where?
To find better lodgings or eat better fare
Than can be served up on the famed Androscoggin.
Thou that think otherwise had better be jogging
And leave all the spare room to some worthy
Granger
Who never would be from old Rumford a stranger.

I’d just like to set them square down in some city,
And then, on the sly, listen to their new ditty;
And may be, some day, when we run up to town
All their jobs may be finished and they hanging
’round
Those fine old soup houses, as we have been told,
The jokes that are played on the lazy and old.

Most all of our people have quite goods enough
For luxury and comfort with nice parlor stuff;
And most every farmer drives a fine team,
And money and milk flow in one steady stream.
Like our loved Androscoggin, its still bound to flow
Till it reaches the city a few miles below.

You scarce can go anywhere but some one will say,
"How about the New City, has it come there to
stay?"
'Tis just like the business of farming and granging,
They have all come to stay, but may need little
changing
As time shall deal round a new set of ideas,
And the Solons of Rumford break in their young
steers.

Is there any one here that could go back today
To their grandfather's time and work in his way
At planting and reaping and swinging the flail;
I guess the young farmer's courage would fail,
And they would cry out for modern invention,
And from every hill top call out for protection.

Would these sisters go back to the old country days,
And live in the kitchen with all the old ways
Of baking and brewing and spinning and dyeing?
I pause—but I hear no sweet voice replying.
Like these waters we never backward could roam
Or sing from the heart, "Give us back the old home."

And what in the world would your Grange master do
When he'd made up his mind young Priscilla to woo.
The damsel's stern father a peeling a broom,
The mother a breaking her flax with a comb,
In his great confusion he might jog the cradle,
And recover himself by Æsop's best fable.

* * * * *

We all have outgrown those little old houses,
As well as those old time kitchen carouses,
And we call out today for mansions more ample.
Perhaps the New City may set an example;
Just now it is chiefly where people are seeking
To invest all their monies for future safe keeping.

The time calls out loudly for me to make haste,
So I'll not let my eloquent speech run to waste.
We will hope that the best of profits and pleasures
May wait on this Order's enactments and measures,
And that in the future as well as the past,
They may take on new honors that ever will last.

And now if you please I will pass round the wine,
You will readily see it's no compound of mine;
The brand was struck off for extra occasions
And largely made up of sugar of raisins;
When you have all drank if you don't say enough,
I will ask the head waiter to pass round the snuff.

MEMORIAL DAY.

To Joseph E. Colby Post, G. A. R.

RUMFORD CENTRE, 1897.

BLOW softly, softly, winds of May,
Waft all your sweet perfume
Of violets and lilies fair,
Above each soldier's tomb.
Blow, softly blow, Oh winds of May
And hover o'er Memorial Day.

Blow softly, softly, winds of May,
Bring all your homage sweet,
And pour it with a blessing down,
Low at each soldier's feet.
Blow, softly blow, Oh winds of May,
Bring sweetest flowers Memorial Day.

Blow softly, softly, winds of May,
Unfurl the Flag once more,
And wave o'er every soldier's grave
From east to western shore.
Blow, softly blow, Oh winds of May,
God bless our Flag, Memorial Day.

Blow softly, softly, winds of May,
Listen! I catch the strain
Of martial music, hear the tramp
Of marching feet again.
Blow, softly blow, Oh winds of May,
Play Home, Sweet Home, Memorial Day.

Blow softly, softly, winds of May,
 Some dear old camp-song sing
 To cheer the weary soldiers' hearts,—
 Time sweeps on eagle wing.
 Blow, softly blow, Oh winds of May,
 Chant songs of peace, Memorial Day.

Blow softly, softly, winds of May,
 Some camp-fire stories tell
 Of husband, brother, soldier, friend,
 Laid low by shot or shell.
 Blow, softly blow, Oh winds of May,
 Their deeds record, Memorial Day.

Blow softly, softly, winds of May,
 There's One who guards the Posts,
 And He will keep good watch and ward,
 Our Sovereign Lord of Hosts.
 Blow, softly blow, Oh winds of May,
 God bless our land, Memorial Day.

IN MEMORY OF REV. JOHN ELLIOTT,

And his beloved wife, Arabelle Berry Elliott, who
 spent their last years with the church at
 Rumford Point.

BESIDE the dear old home close by the flowing
 river,
 Where they have laid life's weary burden down,
 And resting from their labors, cares and sorrows,
 Exchanged earth's heavy cross for heavenly crown.

What words of life and comfort have they carried
To many homes made sad by death's decree;
They have rejoiced with others in their gladness,
And wept with them in life's adversity.

Their children have gone out to other places,
Well fitted to take up life's duties there;
While others yet, beside them calmly sleeping
Fell by the wayside, wearied with its care.

We bring this worthy tribute of remembrance,
In honor of their years of service here
Among this people in the dear Lord's vineyard,
Where many still their faith and love revere.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. J. H. RAWSON

Of Rumford Point. Died in Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct.
29, 1899, aged 95 years.

FULL of days and full of honors,
Bear her to her rest away;
Though we would not call it dying,
Standing by her grave today.

Full of days lived here among us
Since a young and happy bride,
With her husband and her children,
By fair Androscoggin's side.

Now the murmur of the river
 Chants a requiem soft and low;
 Like our lives it will not tarry,
 Ever onward is its flow.

Bearing all our friends and kindred
 To that boundless ocean, where
 In our Father's love and mercy
 He will bring His children there.

Full of honors, we would ever
 Speak her worth with reverence due,
 And in memory fondly cherish
 Her strong faith and courage true.

Full of honors, what more precious
 Than a mother's faithful love,
 By her precept and example
 Leading to her home above.

THE NINETY-SECOND BIRTHDAY.

MRS. HANNAH STEARNS,

JUNE 28, 1897.

HARK! Is there somebody calling?
 I see the children at play;
 It may be the mother is calling them in,
 At the close of a fair June day.
 Calling them in to the dear home nest,
 Calling them in to sleep and to rest,
 Lovingly calling, tenderly calling,
 Calling the children in.

Hark! Is there somebody calling?
The meridian sun climbs high.
I see a happy family group
With dear friends smiling by.
And the children are running up and down,
Plaiting for mother a flowery crown,
Lovingly calling, tenderly calling,
Calling to mother, dear.

Hark! Is there somebody calling?
That group has passed away;
A mother is toiling along life's road,
In the evening twilight gray.
She wears a smile of welcome for all,
She is waiting to hear the dear Lord call,
Lovingly calling, tenderly calling,
Calling, come home, come home.

IN MEMORY OF MISS SARAH P. ABBOTT.

SOUTH ANDOVER, MAINE, 1896.

SHE passed away with the April snow,
And sweetly sleeps while June roses blow,
And scatter their leaves o'er her lowly bed
Where she rests beside her own loved dead.

The happy birds sing their sweetest song,
And build their nests and rear their young;
And the sunlight lovingly lingers there,
And fades away on the evening air.

Her faith and hope were an anchor sure
That gave her courage and strength to endure;
And the thought of meeting her loved again
Fill her heart with joy and allayed its pain.

She hears no more the rude tempest beat,
Finds no rough path for her weary feet;
And feels no sorrow and hears no moan,
For there is no death in her heavenly home.

She hath done what she could, most nobly done,
From life's morning hour to its setting sun;
We shall see her no more among her flowers,
Where she often walked in the summer hours.

We shall miss her for many a day,
While the years so swiftly speed on their way;
But rest assured, she hath found sweet rest
In that happy land of the pure and the blest.

O, why should we mourn death's kindly call,
He is speaking to you, to me, to all:
"Be ye also ready, I quickly come
To lead some weary pilgrim home."

DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH.

ANDOVER, 1897.

Isaiah 52.

A WAKE, awake, O Zion,
Put on thy garments fair,
And let a song of gladness
Rise on the wintry air;
For Christ our Lord and Saviour
Dwells in this holy place,
And unto us, His people,
Extends His saving grace.

Like dew upon the mountain,
His blessing shall come down
And rest within these valleys,
With peace and plenty crowned.
And tell the joyful tidings,
Publish salvation free,
'Till all shall learn to praise him
From the mountains to the sea.

Awake, awake, O Zion,
Renew us hour by hour,
'Till like our house of worship,
We may be strong and fair.
Our watchmen lift their voices,
Together shall they sing,
And give the palm of victory
To Christ, our Saviour King.

Awake, awake, O people,
Give praise and worship sweet,
And lay your cares and burdens
Down at His gracious feet;
And you go out with singing
A happy song of cheer,
For His abounding mercy
Vouchsafed from year to year.

HAPPY GREETINGS.

Re-union of the William Adams family, formerly of
the Ellis, at West Paris, Oct. 21, 1894.

THE swiftly moving wheels of time have brought
the autumn days,
And we are gathered once again, from all our chosen
ways,
The children of one family, brothers and sisters dear,
With our companions, children, friends, to hold re-
union here.

Our hearts are warm and glad today, and this bright,
happy hour
Carries us back to childhood's home, we feel its hal-
lowed power;
We think of all those pleasant days when not a
thought of care
Could reach the children dwelling under the roof-
tree there.

Those early years, we turn to them as life glides
 swift away,
And feel they were our happiest ones along our des-
 tined way;
When a kind and loving mother smiled on each up-
 turned face,
And a father's parting counsel made us strong to run
 life's race.

We see in these four worthy sons, the father's heart
 shine forth,
And in these daughters' kindly lives, we read a
 mother's worth;
And so we bear them record, they have not lived in
 vain,
Whose sons and daughters everywhere their integrity
 maintain.

We are all here today, we talk of days long since
 gone by,
When youth and hope and happiness seemed to be
 hovering nigh;
We are not all here, the youngest one, whom we all
 loved so well,
With another cherished sister have bidden us fare-
 well.

It seems but yesterday since we, in simple pride and
 glee,
Beside the flowing Ellis planned out what we might
 be;
But the years have vanished quickly, our dreams are
 unfulfilled,
May we now learn to simply trust, believing it God's
 will.

Today we hardly realize how time with gentle hand
Has touched our youthful brows and forms, we cannot understand;
While we listen to these voices and feel they still are
ours,
Or look upon each well-known face, while speed the
winged hours.

Oh, never till life's latest hour shall we forget this
day,
When all the children gathered here, with greetings
on the way;
And to our Heavenly Father, our thanks and praise
belong,
Who through life's toils and conflicts has brought us
safely on.

NINETIETH BIRTHDAY OF MRS. MARCIA
SMITH STEVENS.

SO. ANDOVER, JULY 15, 1895.

THE years are running by like flowing waters,
Dancing and singing on their destined way
Adding a charm to all who may behold them,
As well as bearing us with them away.

We start in life like some tiny brooklet,
Making our way across the meadows fair;
Gathering new strength with every welcome current,
Spreading at length into a river there.

When once we set out on our life-long journey,
There's no returning to our starting place;
Our destinies henceforth are ever onward,
And days and months and years fill out the space.

Some lives are numbered by a few days only,
Some others count a few months, we have seen;
While others yet to years—though few or many,
All have the same unrest and feverish dream.

Our dearest friends and kindred have passed on before us,
We miss them sadly as the years go by;
We listen for their footsteps and their voices,
And who will wonder should we sometime sigh.

We know this earth is not for aye abiding,
At any time we may be summoned hence,
From life's stern law there is no more returning,
Nor can we plead a word in our defence.

You, who have seen the bloom of ninety summers,
And frosts of winter with its chill and gloom;
Know that on earth there comes a bright tomorrow,
Seen through the gateway of each earthly tomb.

And should you stay with us a little longer,
May every day be full of prayer and praise;
And when on earth your voice is strangely silent,
May you begin in heaven angelic lays

To Him who loved and died on earth to save you,
And hast redeemed you by His precious blood;
Through all your pilgrim way has walked beside you,
To bring you safely home to dwell forever with
your Lord.

AN EASTER OFFERING

To Rev. William Hyde.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., 1893.

BROTHER! Behold this Surplice white and fair,
The gift of friends fashioned with loving care
For thee, our friend and rector, toiling here,
In the Lord's vineyard, lo, this many a year.

This Easter morn we bring it in His name,
And may you put it on with heart aflame
With holy zeal the Master's cause to plead,
As one who loves his sheep and lambs to feed.

May no unholy thoughts lodge in your breast,
Faith, Hope and Charity, a constant guest,
And purity of life in deed and word,
As well becomes a servant of the Lord.

Let Easter songs today rise on the air,
The Lord is risen, proclaim Him conqueror;
Where is thy victory, Oh boasting grave,
The Lord is risen indeed, to bless and save.

Put on anew the armor of your God,
And walk by faith along your pilgrim road;
By precept and example preach the word
And daily lead them nearer to their Lord.

So may your strength be equal to your day,
While time shall gently roll the years away;
Trusting our Heavenly Father will prepare
A robe of righteousness for you to wear.

GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS.
W. A. JOHNSON, LOWELL, MASS.

LUCY A. HUTCHINS.

DECEMBER 22, 1896.

THESE lovely hills and valleys were covered o'er
with snow,
When Merry Wedding Bells rang out, full fifty years
ago.
The gray December sun shone down upon a happy
bride,
Within a quaint old farmhouse, by the fair Ellis' side.

The dear home friends had gathered round to greet
the youthful pair,
Their kind congratulations fell on the wintry air,
With love and joy and blessing, that they might
happy be,
And with true love and courage journey o'er life's
untried sea.

Some few remember well the day, though fifty years
have passed,
And dear old friends have passed from sight with
every winter's blast;
Yet in their pathway hosts of friends have sprung up
everywhere,
And this Happy, Golden Wedding Day their joys
and sorrows share.

And their old friends will gather round with their
bewitching spells,
Who proudly stood beside them when the Silver
Wedding Bells
Rang out so clear and joyous, with tender, sweet
refrain.
May these happy Golden Wedding Bells revive old
hearts again.

The bridegroom and his bride today look on the
pleasant scene,
And speak of many bygone days like some fair wak-
ing dream.
Though time has gently touched them we would not
call them old;
Their wealth of love and happiness has been many
hundred fold.

Fair daughters, too, and worthy sons, are standing
smiling by,
With loving words and gentle hands uplifted to the
sky,

Imploring Heaven's choice blessings to rest upon
 them now,
While with the dear grandchildren in prayer they
 humbly bow,

And thank the gracious Father with sweetest songs
 of praise,
For His great love and mercy through all their pil-
 grim ways.
Still trusting in His loving care, that marks a spar-
 row's fall,
'They watch and wait at the Golden Gate for the
 Master's homeward call.

And friends from far and near will send letters of
 sweet surprise,
Wishing them still more happy years while tears be-
 dim their eyes.
God grant this gray December sun shine o'er the
 scene again,
More bright than fifty years ago in dear old Rum-
 ford, Maine.

GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. J. A.
METCALF, ANDOVER, MASS.

SEPT., 1898.

LUCINDA B. HUTCHINS, ELLIS RIVER.

WEDDING Bells! Wedding Bells!
Happy wedding bells;
What fond memories waken,
Happy wedding bells.
Memories fond and tender
Of the long ago,
When we two were wedded
Fifty years ago.
And today we hear the chime
Of that far off joyous time,
Of the happy wedding bells,
Happy wedding bells,
Wedding bells.

Wedding Bells! Wedding Bells!
Silver wedding bells.
Full of the sweetest music,
Silver wedding bells.
Music low and tender,
Songs of other days,
When the dear friends' voices
Mingled in our lays.
And today we catch the strain
Of those dear old songs again,
Of the silver wedding bells,
Silver wedding bells,
Wedding bells.

Wedding Bells! Wedding Bells!
 Golden wedding bells;
What fond memories linger,
 Golden wedding bells.
Memories true and tender
 Of the years gone by,
Dearest, you remember,
 The children, you and I.
And today while gathered here,
Unseen guests may linger near,
Clasp our loving hands once more.
May the Father's tender love
Guide us to our home above
When life's journey shall be o'er;
And listening to the golden bells
We bid you friends hail and farewell,
While fond memories linger
In our hearts forever more
Of these golden wedding bells,
 Happy golden wedding bells,
 Golden wedding bells.

MEMORIAL DAY AT FOREST HILLS.

MAY 30TH, 1879.

OH bring fresh flowers, the sweetest flowers,
 Entwine with myrtle and with bay;
With grateful hearts and loving hands,
 Bedeck each soldier grave today.

Beneath, where floats the starry flag,
 A patriot sleeps, the brave, the true,
 Who gave his life to Freedom's cause;
 An offering for me and you.

Oh Liberty, stretch forth thine hand,
 Let Truth and Justice still increase
 Till North and South and East and West
 Unite to sing the song of Peace.

Father of mercies, hear the prayers
 The nation offers Thee today,
 Hear, and forgive our follies past,
 And lead us in thy perfect way.

THE OLD CHURCHYARD NEAR MUSIC
 HALL, BOSTON, MASS.

OVER the way in the churchyard old,
 Dark and grim the old tombstones stand.
 One might fancy twas long ago,
 Since they were placed there by loving hand;
 Long ago when their hearts were young
 And full of joy as are ours today;
 The angel of death passed o'er the land
 And bore the dearest and loveliest ones away.

Over the way in the churchyard old,
 They laid them to rest in the silent tomb;
 The aged ones with the victor's wreath,
 And the prattling child in it's youthful bloom.

And there they planted by sire and child,
The young elm tree, and the silver larch
Whose tall branches wave in the gentle wind,
And weave o'er their loved ones a beautiful arch.

Over the way in the churchyard old,
Green grows the turf and the dews softly fall;
Bright flowers are blossoming, one by one,
Shedding sweet fragrance over them all.
Spring-time has come to each flower and each tree;
Giving new beauty and life all around.
When will the Spring of these sleepers appear?
When will they hear the glad trumpet sound?

Over the way in the churchyard old,
I love to gaze at the twilight hour,
And think of our heavenly home above
Where death's chilling hand hath no more power.
Where they need no sun nor moon to light
That beautiful city from sorrow free,
Where the Tree of Life in its beauty grows,
And the throne of our God and the Lamb shall be.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

For Our Friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barker,
Concord, N. H.

MELINDA KYLE, RUMFORD.

MAY 12, 1844.

MAY 12, 1894.

A QUIET wedding—fifty years ago—
Beside the Androscoggin's ceaseless flow,
Was witnessed by the friends of the young pair,
When smiling May brought out her Mayflowers fair.

The earth was carpeted with dainty green,
The apple trees looked kindly on the scene
With wealth of blossom, fragrant, light and fair,
Which seemed a benediction on the air.

The flowing river sang a cheerful song
Of tuneful melody while hastening on,
Or hiding in some laughing eddy, lay
Watching the sunbeams o'er its waters play.

The happy birds were chirping soft and sweet,
As though they would some message still repeat
To these young hearts plighting their troth that day,
To carry with them through their chosen way.

A charming couple—fifty years ago,
The fire of youth in their fond hearts did glow,
And on each brow as yet unknown to care,
The lines of beauty rested, bright and fair.

The present seemed so full of earthly joy,
They scarcely thought it held the least alloy,
And wondered while the friends still lingered near
And wished them joy for many a happy year.

Those early friends they knew and loved of old,
Have nearly all been gathered to the fold
Of the Dear Shepherd, who has faithful kept
His loving watch-care while they waked or slept.

We follow them along from year to year,
Till on their fair horizon, sweet and clear
We hear the silver wedding bells' soft chime,
Which tells them of the rapid flight of time.

They take a swift survey and onward move,
This is the law of life while here we rove,
No backward steps can ever be retraced
When once we start out on life's destined race.

The river never stops or stays its course,
On to the ocean from its hidden source;
Fair Androscoggin shimmers as of yore,
And other lovers walk upon its shore.

Time has dealt kindly with our dear young friends,
Granting them health and strength to make amends
For all their losses on their journey here,
Till in the distance golden stars appear.

A Golden Wedding—fifty years have proved
The joy and constancy of wedded love;
Beside the Merrimac's bright winding stream,
The years have rolled away—like as a dream.

Fair Concord—city of their early hopes,
Life's golden autumn to the westward slopes;
Forward and backward will they turn today,
While round their heartstrings will fond memories
 play.

And Golden Wedding Bells peel glad refrain,
And Charles is young—a very boy again;
And fair the maiden standing by his side
As on that bright May morn—a fair young bride.

How many happy, pleasant things
Each season gives them, while it daily brings
Them nearer to the heavenly mansions where
The Saviour whom they love will soon prepare.

We leave them standing there, hand clasped in hand,
With hope still pointing to the Better Land;
And while they listen to the Golden Bells,
We clasp their hands and give them sweet farewells.

THE RIVER MASCOMA.

LEBANON, N. H., AUG. 24, '86.

MASCOMA, fair Mascoma,
I will sing a song for thee
While I rest me by thy side,
Where the waters softly glide.

What great secrets dost thou keep
Hidden in thy channels deep?
What bright visions dost thou trace
Mirrored on thy placid face?

I have heard in days of old,
Indian maids and warriors bold
Lived and loved upon thy shore,
Left a name, but nothing more.

Whence came they, or whither fled?
All their legends lost or dead;
All their cabins burned aflame,
All have vanished but the name.

Were these plains the dwelling place
Of the sachems of the race,
Where their council fires gleamed bright
And their war songs woke the night?

Were these hills the hunting ground
Where their chieftians of't were found
Gathered at the close of day,
Feasting the long night away?

Waters whisper from these rills,
Echoes answer from the hills;
Ah! their silence seems to say
They have long since passed away.

Who shall say, when death drew near
The Great Spirit did appear,
Pointing to the western skies
Where their happy country lies.

We shall soon all share their fate,
Wise or simple, proud or great;
May we when we pass away
Leave a name as fair as they.

Still the river hastes along,
Heeding not my plaintive song,
Nor that I may nevermore
Walk again upon it's shore.

A TRIBUTE TO BETHEL.

1898.

BETHEL, beautiful Bethel,
I bring thee songs of praise;
I have known thee and have loved thee
Since childhood's earliest days.
Among thy hills and valleys
My forefathers lived and died,
Their very names I honor,
And speak of them with pride.

The household fires they lighted
Among these clustering hills,
And in these smiling valleys,
Are brightly burning still.
While o'er our own loved country,
Where'er her children roam,
They fondly tell the story
Of Bethel's early home.

Bethel, beautiful Bethel,
May God her children keep,
And where they tarry for the night
Watch o'er their peaceful sleep.
May they behold a ladder,
Angels ascending there,
And raise a pillar in His name
And humbly worship there.

May they awake, like Jacob,
And know the Lord is near,
And in His name shall make a vow
If God be with them here
And keep them in the way they go,
And give them bread to eat,
Then shall the Lord be their God,
And all His service sweet.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

Of Mr. and Mrs. Moses S. Kimball, late of East
Bethel.

AVON, MASS., DEC. 10, 1895.

THE far off chime of Golden Wedding Bells,
 Float round these valleys and the mountain
 sides;
And tell us that the cycle has been run
 By these dear friends, whom distance now divides.

Distance nor time shall cause us to forget,
 Too long we have enjoyed their friendship sweet;
Their very names are like to household words,
 Which loving children tenderly repeat.

They have lived out their threescore years and ten,
 Walking along these common country ways;
And we had hoped they would return again
 And spend with us the remnant of their days.

Their joys and sorrows have alike been ours,
 Our faith and hope been strengthened by their
 prayers;
And now to know we are so wide apart
 Brings grief and sadness to our happiest hours.

We follow them with hearts of golden cheer,
 To where their children happily abide;
We feel their comfort is their chief concern,
 And every earthly want may be supplied.

Our hearts rejoice that in a world like this,
Where changes come and brook of no delay;
Our friends, not old, but even growing young,
Will celebrate their Golden Wedding Day.

From east and west will messages arrive,
"God bless you" on this fiftieth wedding day;
Be of good courage for the Lord of hosts
Still leads and guides you in His own right way.

Our years and days are hid alike with God,
He knows full well our weary feeble frame;
Let us give thanks for mercies past received,
And ever trust and praise His holy name.

THE BETHEL CHURCH CENTENNIAL.

OCT. 10, 1899.

○ THOU in whom we live and move
Be with us at this hour,
And let the people gathered here
Feel Thy reviving power.

May all the glory of the past
Rest on this church today,
Kindle anew a sacred flame
That burns with fervid ray.

Let prayers come up before the throne,
For mercies to our race;
And all this people join to plead
His all abounding grace.

Let songs of melody float forth
From Bethel's own loved hills,
And all her valleys catch the strain
And burst from all her rills.

Let Androscoggin river bear
Her message to the sea,
And tell to many distant isles
The grace of God is free.

Let children's children here arise
And speak their father's praise,
And in the gladness of their hearts
New songs of triumph raise.

And let the seed in weakness sown
Spring up and fill the land,
And faithful laborers arise
For orders waiting stand.

And may this people tell His love,
Through all their pilgrim days;
And close this glad Centennial year
With joyful songs of praise.

A BIRTHDAY SONNET

For Zilla Howe Bean.

JUNE 30th, 1899.

WHY do ye fly so swift, Oh years,
The truth may dawn too late;
Today my fiftieth birthday
Is knocking at the gate;
And must I let him in, Ah me!
He will not go away;
With promises he flatters me
Whatever I may say.
He speaks of happier years, Ah yes!
Of life's calm golden age;
What noble heritage is mine,
Worthy a saint or sage.
I wonder if I'm old— Oh dear!
Now I have reached my fiftieth year.

BIRTHDAY GREETING

For Mr. J. Tapley Kimball, on his 85th Birthday.

MIDDLE INTERVALE, BETHEL.

THIS happy day we celebrate is full of sweet surprise,
It brings a smile to every face, a tear to all our eyes,
To know a loving father and friend is growing old;
But the influence of his noble life can never well be told.

Some few are left to greet him who started on life's
 way
 In flush of youth and manhood, but the most have
 passed away;
 And while our friends are with us, let us all happy be
 And join with hand and heart and voice this birth-
 day jubilee.

This pleasant home, where you have lived, must to
 your heart be dear,
 What tender memories cling around each swiftly
 passing year,
 When children gathered round your knee asking
 your care and love
 To guide them through life's doubtful ways to that
 blest home above.

The circle has been broken, all earthly ties must
 part,
 Through every new-born sorrow you have borne a
 faithful heart;
 Have trusted in that precious grace that lifts the
 soul above,
 And whispers to the fainting heart, rest sweetly in
 His love.

This life, though long or shorter, is bearing us away,
 Not many here perchance may see their eighty-fifth
 birthday;
 What we most care to know is this, what cheers your
 genial heart
 While waiting for the summons from these earthly
 scenes to part.

We would not say good bye today, we hope to see
you here,
Smiling benignly on these friends for many a happy
year;
And while the sunlight gently falls toward the gold-
en west,
May every day as it rolls by bring you its very best.

INSTALLATION OF THE PILGRIM
FATHERS.

HANOVER, JAN. 1895.

THESE simple compliments I bring tonight,
Have never yet beheld such brilliant light;
And should they fall below your worthy names,
Why, like John Rogers, give them to the flames.

When first our Pilgrim Fathers crossed the sea
To find themselves a place where they might be
Allowed to live and toil for home and worship God,
Their longing eyes rested on famed Cape Cod.

The Mayflower turned her prow to Plymouth's shore,
And to her rocks her moorings evermore
Held firm and fast that little Pilgrim band,
Till now they spread through all our happy land.

What great discouragements of hope and fear
Beset them round about that winter drear,
And tried their souls and led them all to pray
For strength and courage for the coming day.

You all have read the story of their fate,
I need not here their sacrifice relate;
Enough for us to know they dared to be
Strong for the right and with equal liberty.

Never before in east or western world,
Was such a royal standard e'er unfurled;
Never again in all our human race,
Will here be known such trustiness and grace.

Their very names are dear as household words,
We would not lose one single minor chord;
And while kind heaven prolongs our earthly days,
Let us revere and give them worthy praise.

This Lodge which entertains us bears their name,
The Pilgrim Fathers, and they well may claim
Power to lift the human race
To higher aims in every sphere and place.

We hail thee, Pilgrim Fathers, with good cheer,
Go on inspiring hope from year to year
In human hearts, teach them a better way
While age creeps on or riches flee away.

New England is the Pilgrim Fathers' home,
And let us hope if any chance to roam,
Or east or west their lot in life be cast,
These Plymouth bands will hold them sure and fast.

Like theirs, your zeal and fame become world wide,
Your Lodges everywhere be multiplied;
All good things be enjoyed by those who make
The greatest efforts for their loved ones' sake.

So live and labor for the common weal,
And in good faith build well from prow to keel;
And all reach that superlative degree
That in the other no great faults they see.

My one regret, please pardon while I state,
This benefit for me, alas, comes home too late,
Unless some worthy member, don't you see?
Shall dedicate his policy to me.

I know not of your methods or your creed,
But simply say God bless you and Godspeed;
Choose the best gifts, your watchword be, excel—
Most worthy Pilgrim friends, hail and farewell.

EVERGREEN CEMETERY, WESTBROOK, ME.

AUGUST, 1883.

A WALK in Evergreen one day,
Brought many fancies into play,
About the daily life we see,
And what the future life may be.

The day was perfect, and the light
Shone o'er each tombstone warm and bright;
And flowers were blooming everywhere,
Lending a fragrance to the air.

I did not feel a sense of gloom,
 Standing beside a stone or tomb;
 It seemed so sweet, so calm, so fair,
 A child might love to linger there.

I looked around with pitying eyes,
 To see wherein our sorrow lies;
 When at the close of life's brief day
 We lay our dearest ones away.

Long time I gazed upon the scene,
 And thought of life's most fitful dream;
 Is this the end—is there no ray
 To light with faith our fleeting day?

I stretch my hands—I lift mine eyes
 Up to the glorious summer skies,
 And cry aloud,—no voice replies,
 My question in faint echo dies.

Take courage, soul, hast thou not heard
 What's written in God's Holy Word?
 He gave, He took, He will restore,
 Trust to the Lord forevermore.

These words brought comfort to my heart,
 I felt no pang of sorrow dart;
 My former doubts and fears were fled,
 With joy I left the sleeping dead.

MAINE GENERAL HOSPITAL.

PORTLAND, ME., SUMMER OF 1883.

BEHOLD! What lofty buildings rise
On Bramhall's Hill of massive size,
Which stand and look abroad with ease,
Above the neighboring roofs and trees;
With towers and gables thickly set,
Upon it's head a coronet
From which it can far off descry
The pleasant homes which peaceful lie
Along its base, and more remote,
Beyond, the sea fogs lazy float,
The white robed villages, which seem
Set round about with living green.

It stands alone, a beacon light
Which burns unceasing day and night,
And gives to all within our State
The privilege to come and wait
Beside the gate called Beautiful,
Or by Bethesda's troubled pool,
Till they may all a healing see
From every hurtful malady.
Here shall the eyes of all the blind
Be opened, and a healing find,
And they behold the earth and sky,
While heaven seems daily drawing nigh,
And life is full of love and joy
And pleasures which can never cloy.
The deaf rejoice that they may hear
The loving voice of kindred dear,

And raise their songs and praises high
To Him who brings the healing nigh.
The lame man shall leap as an hart,
Rejoiced that he can do his part
On life's great battle field, and fight
For every cause of human right.
The tongues of dumb people shall sing
Loud praises to our Heavenly King,
And voices never heard before
Repeat his mercies o'er and o'er.
The sick and suffering shall find cure
From maladies which they endure,
The weary day, the anxious night
Are filled once more with joyous light,
And hope again fills every breast,
And hearts rejoice in peace and rest.

It stands a watchtower, looking down
Upon the busy bustling town;
At early dawn it waits to greet
The first lone traveler on the street,
Who, in the sun's first cheering ray
Beholds it's turrets far away,
And hastens on with words of cheer,
Rejoiced to find the goal so near.
Down in the peaceful vales below
The lowing herds contented go;
The rising tide sweeps laughing in,
As if it health and hope would bring
To cheer our hearts while waiting here,
And banish every pain and fear.
Trains, going out and coming in,

Are hourly passing with their din,
Bringing the sick with all their pain,
Or carrying to their homes again,
Restored to health, and glad surprise
Still lingers in their eager eyes.
Away upon our southern coast
Old Orchard lies, our country's boast;
The glistening waves are often seen
From Bramhall's heights, while low between
The old post road, which kept with care
Will safely bring the traveler there.
Far to the northward, towering high,
The Old White Hills in grandeur lie,
While round about on either hand
The lesser ones, adoring, stand
And wait, to do their Monarch's will
In summer's heat or winter's chill,
Without a wish or thought to change
From their own native mountain range.
So, round about this building here
The lesser ones, gaze and revere;
Pride swells the eye, joy fills the heart,
At giant strides in healing art;
Long may it's trusted servants wait,
Like Mordecai, before the gate,
Until the King shall rise and say,
"What honor shall be done, I pray,
Unto the ones that do my will
And my royal commands fulfill."

It stands a lighthouse—o'er the bay
It sends abroad a cheering ray,

And when it's form they can descry
They know the harbor, sure, is nigh
Where they may safe at anchor ride,
Securely from the treacherous tide.
It waits to greet the rising sun,
When he shall from his chambers come;
And over Casco's lovely isles
It looks serenely down and smiles.

From my west window, I can see
The sun descend in majesty,
The purple cloud, the golden ray,
Which follows on the god of day,
And lingers there in peaceful calm
Upon the soul like heavenly balm,
Until the vision slowly fades,
And evening creeps along the glades
And shuts away from our fond sight
The beauties of the coming night.
At length upon the horizon far,
Appears at intervals a star,
And soon upon the brow of night
A thousand gem the vaulted height,
Which sparkle with unnumbered dyes,
And bend o'er us with pitying eyes,
And seem to whisper as we gaze:
"Our Maker well deserves your praise.
He made and holds us by His power,
And watches every passing hour,
Both day and night, in sorrows deep,
He giveth His beloved sleep."

Thus, silent night shuts out the scene
And leaves the world to rest and dream;
And quiet reigns, and sweet repose,
Soothes, calms and drowns our varied woes.
Long may this noble building stand,
A monument to all our land.
Long may our people give their prayers,
Their bonds, their coupons and their shares,
And offerings, which daily rise
To heaven, like olden sacrifice;
And in the future, long remain
The central healing port of Maine.

THE EIGHTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY OF
JEDEDIAH KIMBALL.

Held at Byron, Minnesota, July 24, 1893.

THE swift revolving wheels of time are bearing us
away—

The years grow short and shorter the longer here we
stay;

Childhood and youth were long since passed and
manhood's riper years

Have all been safely counted in, with their share of
hopes and fears.

We will not here recount the way by which they
have been led,

How they have toiled in many lands to give them
home and bread;

For well we know a gracious God has kept them all
 the way
 And brought them safely nearer home with every
 year's birthday.

They have passed the allotted bound of life, the
 three score years and ten,
 And shared the perils of the hour in step with young-
 er men;
 And even now, past four score years, they seem so
 blithe today,
 We all stand round and listen to hear what they may
 say.

I have tried to write a sonnet and make it young
 and gay;
 It would never do to be gloomy on this eighty-fifth
 birthday.
 So much is lying behind you, the forward glance
 must be
 Full of a joyous brightness, and sweet as sweet can
 be.

'Tis a long race you have run in, and the mile-stones
 are flying fast—
 We can hardly believe when you tell us the eighty-
 fifth is rolling past.
 When we look at your stately figure, and the fair
 lady by your side,
 We are slow to believe it is sixty years since she was
 your blushing bride:

And the toils of those years that have come and
have gone,
Have been bravely met and it's trials been borne
With courage and fortitude, and all the long road
You have shared with each other in bearing life's
load.

We could say the same now on this joyous morn,
With the growing wheat and the rustling corn;
Together you watch the bright glowing west,
And may be you think these good times are the best.

Many friends who started with you in youth and
manhood's pride,
Have grown weary of the journey and are resting
side by side.
But today our dear friends are talking of the past or
present state,
And their hearts seem young as ever while some old
joke they relate.

They have never forgotten the old friends, nor the
dear old happy time,
When they gathered a goodly company in their own
loved native clime;
And when they set out to find a home in the wilds
of the far-famed west,
Every heart in that far off country followed on in the
earnest quest.

Till at last you reached this goodly land, a bright
and sunny place,
And felt that here for a season you could rest you in
life's race.
You have seen the prairies bloom here and blossom
as the rose,
And here have found a peaceful dwelling place, with
all life's joys and woes.

And here the children come home again, on your
eighty-fifth birthday,
Only one we see is absent from the old hearthstone
today;
But loving grandchildren gather round and wish you
such pleasant things,
You can almost fancy you can hear the flutter of
angel's wings.

And two of your sisters's daughters are met with
you today
To greet you and your children and their respects to
pay
To the dearest and kindest of uncles and aunt and
loving cousins;
We wish for all the choicest gifts and of eagles some
hundred dozen.

But it doesn't take gold or silver to bring true hap-
piness,
We can try and be contented and never a good time
miss,

And all along the journey we can carry such happy
cheer
That everyone else may enjoy it, and be worth five
hundred a year.

It may be other old time friends will drop in one by
one,
We are glad to see them once again and bid them all
welcome;
And while the sunlight lingers soft falling to the
west,
May the dear Lord grant each birthday the happiest
and best.

Good bye. God bless and keep you and lead you by
the hand
Through all your pilgrim journey till you reach the
promised land;
And when this life is ended, may we all enter in
And join that great assembly in the palace of the
King.

TRIBUTE TO NEAL DOW.

ANDOVER, APRIL, 1894.

THE fame of Neal Dow for long years has been
sung,
By many a known, and to us, unknown tongue;
We are gathered today his name to revere,
And celebrate at Andover his ninetieth year.

And who is Neal Dow? I hear some one ask.
I may not be able to solve the great task;
He must be some leader of finance or State,
To stand up at ninety with the good and the great.

Neal Dow was a man who stood in the fight,
And dealt his strong sledge blows to left and to
right,
For a cause he deemed just and worthy his pen,
And proclaimed it unflinching, again and again.

Like some ancient guide post, he pointed the way
To honor and usefulness, each in his day,
Where all might attain to virtue and truth
If the Maine law of Temperance was kept from their
youth.

Like Minot's Ledge lighthouse he feared not the
shock,
When the storm raged in fury, he was firm as a rock;
His courage was hopeful, his light never failed,
After long years of service, the right has prevailed.

Where are all those young men that stood round
about,
While our hero was striving this evil to rout;
They have fallen and fled in doubt and dismay,
Not many are living who led on the fray.

In our late Civil War he was fearless and brave,
He led on his soldiers our country to save;
His temperance and judgment, with prudence com-
bined
To bring him home conqueror with full powers of
mind.

No more is he blessed or cursed by the few
That looked so unkindly when reform came in view;
At home and abroad he is honored today,
In the old Temperance cause he still leads the way.

I doubt if but few of those resolute men
Held out with much interest to three score and ten,
But worthy Neal Dow, the world honors today,
Is a strict temperance man on his ninetieth birthday.

There are some here today who may know him full
well
And affirm every statement I am able to tell.
We hope he may live and die in this way,
And lead on Temperance hosts to his hundredth
birthday.

THE OLD BUTTERNUT TREE.

THE dear old tree stands leaning to the wall,
It's once proud form which nothing could
appall
Is warped and twisted by the winds of time,
Yet in old age it wears a look sublime.

It's head in supplication now is bent,
As listening to a prayer with good intent;
It's arms are spread out humbly all the day
In mute appeal, that all things must decay.

It's store of fruit for many and many a year,
To every child held much of winter's cheer;
They never can forget the bounteous store
They gathered in, and often wished for more.

The only thing to lessen my despair:
Close by thy side are young trees growing there,
Bearing thy name, like children round the home
Where they all fondly love to come and roam.

We honor thee as patriarch of the place,
While we remember thy long life and grace;
And hope our lives may ever useful grow
To serve our race as thou hast done below.

GOING HOME.

MAY pleasant thoughts be thine today,
While journeying to your home;
And be a never failing quest
Wherever you may roam.

May the dear Saviour, who on earth
Healed all the sick and lame,
But whisper, "Daughter, go in peace,
Believing in My name."

Others will follow, one by one,
To homes both far and wide;
And parting here we hope to meet
Safe on the other side.

We read that in our Father's house
Where many mansions be,
The Saviour has prepared a place
And waits to welcome thee.

LINES FOR A FRIEND'S FIFTIETH BIRTH-
DAY.

AS surely in our onward way,
As day succeeds to night,
Will one by one each milestone gray
Appear upon the sight.

In childhood's years while blithe and gay,
We pass them one by one,
Still dreaming of a happier day,
When we are older grown.

And when life's golden age we reach,
When fifty years are past,
We heed the lesson they would teach,
Those milestones flying fast.

Passing away, not one will stay
To cheer our fading sight;
One moment, though for it we pray,
We cannot claim by right.

But in the better life beyond,
No milestone there appears;
A thousand years are but as one,
A day a thousand years.

A SONG TO MINNESOTA.

JULY 3, 1893.

THE lands of Minnesota are very fair to see,
With all it's wealth of beauty it claims a song
from me;
With it's far reaching grass lands, it's fields of wheat
and corn,
Which today are proudly waving in July's early
morn.

It's fields of flax are greeting you with blooms of
palest blue,
And barley fields are nodding their prettiest to you;
Where'er you turn, whate'er you see, the picture is so
fine,
If I were but a painter I'd claim them all as mine.

These lovely groves of dark green trees are pleasant
to the eye,
And give to all a grateful shade while summer's roll-
ing by;
And when the loud winds answering call, may all the
people round
Under their vines and fig trees in security be found.

The days are long and cloudless, the sun with
warmth and heat
Sends out his golden rays of light, the harvest world
to greet;
And day by day and hour by hour, nearer and yet
more near,
The Bountiful God of the harvest brings out the rip-
ened ear.

The roads stretch out before you in strange and
sweet surprise,
And wild flowers spring up left and right, delighting
all our eyes;
And when the working hours are past, in the soft
and balmy air,
They bring the old-time carriage out and drive
around the square.

That land whose every people are growing wise and
strong,
Is where our weary longing souls would feast their
eyes upon;
Where Truth and Justice, hand in hand, stand by
each cottage gate,
And Law and Love and Liberty, with Honor rule
the State.

We are charmed with every prospect of the great
and growing west,
I could not begin to tell you which I think the very
best;
And I sometimes get to thinking if my love should
be increased,
I may yet be heard a saying its 'bout equal to the
east.

I never yet was known to go back on my native
hearth,
I claim it as in olden time, the fairest spot on earth;
And when I've finished up my work with all life's
joys and ills,
I hope to take my last repose among the old Maine
hills.

THE CITY OF LINCOLN, NEB.

SUMMER OF 1893.

LINCOLN! Fair city of the growing west,
I see thee in thy summer robes arrayed;
Thy gardens and thy fields a-bloom with flowers,
With varied colors to our eyes displayed.

Methinks you have been set in a large place,
Most beautiful for sight, for wealth and power;
With everything to make the home complete,
If sweet contentment rule the passing hour.

Thy trees stand round as sentinels by night,
And in the sunlight give a grateful shade;
Thy streets are laid with ample length and breadth,
Thy light, the latest scientists have made.

Thy homes bespeak of comfort and of cheer,
Where rest and happiness securly stay;
Where friends and kindred find a welcome, too,
And time runs swiftly, as on wings away.

Schoolhouses beckon from it's outmost bounds,
Come in, Oh children, learn the precious truth;
That in the future you may have and hold
Those precepts you were taught in early youth.

Thy colleges call out the young and strong
And teach them how to battle for the right,
To put down every wrong wherever found,
And in the cause of Freedom nobly fight.

Life is a warfare, we are often told,
Sin in high places shames the very dust;
Let youth and manhood strive to do their best
To guard those interests left to them in trust.

Thy stately church towers rise from every square,
And glisten in the morning sun's first ray,
Proclaiming to the world a purpose true,
To lead to heaven, as well as point the way.

Thy State and court houses stand out alone,
That all may see and point to them with pride;
And here may all the people freely come
And find redress for ills on every side.

We may not see thy city's future growth,
Nor hear thy praises sung in happy strain;
But we shall long remember these bright hours,
And hope to meet all these dear friends again.

WINTER SCENES.

WE welcome again the beautiful snow,
Falling on mountain and valley below;
Brightening the landscape, bringing good cheer,
The most charming season of all the glad year.

We look forward to winter with ice and with snow,
And lay out many pleasures and places to go;
When the signs are all right and the roads in their
prime,
Oh say! Aren't we having a most lovely time.

Just after a snow storm what sights we behold,
The trees are all laden with all they can hold,
A swinging and swaying like fair Christmas trees
And bestowing their gifts with every fresh breeze.

The roads stretch away thro' fields and thro' moor,
And range through the forests unheard of before;
Bringing many far distant places to view,
And clothing them all with scenery new.

The mountains take on an appearance sublime
That never is witnessed in fair summer time,
All glistening and glowing with the sun's lingering
ray,
And reposing in purple when it's beams melt away.

The rough old log fences seem built with fine art,
At every rude turn they take a fresh start
And stretch far away with our following eye,
To see what new beauties we there can descry.

When time runs around to a gorgeous full moon,
O, then don't the hours fly away all too soon,
When over the hills and valleys we ride
With our faithful old steed, and old friends by our
side.

The Spring-time of life with it's blooms have given
place
To Summer's maturer fruitings and grace,
And Autumn has stored her rich fruits to bestow
With a lavishing hand while the Winter winds blow.

We can never forget as the time runs away,
How Winter could charm us with it's roundelay;
And now in life's Winter, so cheery and bright,
Smile over the old scenes with dear friends tonight.

FREE JOURNEYS AROUND THE WORLD.

Conducted by Prof. Jack Frost.

II HAVE taken some wonderful journeys this year
In the old and new world, which long will ap-
pear

To my mind, prophetic of what is in store,
For those with large fortunes to behold and adore.

It does not cost money to journey my way,
No lackeys stand waiting for large or small pay;
All the sights and the music are free as the air,
And for royal appointments you get a full share.

On journeying one morning quite early I found
The snow through the night had come creeping
around,
Hiding up in deep corners, adorning the trees,
All ready and waiting for some special breeze.

And there it hung, waiting, swinging in air,
The prettiest sight, so graceful and fair;
Waiting and watching and nodding at me
From every briar bush, hedge row and tree.

On one of my journeys a wonderful sight
Appeared on my vision with morning's first light;
A fairy toboggan, all silver and gold,
And a whole troupe of riders, some young and some
 old.

And they were as happy as happy could be,
And the way they dashed by was surprising to see;
I sat there and watched till they faded from sight,
Enjoying each turnout with supremest delight.

On a time a broad landscape appeared in full view,
The scenery resplendent with emerald and blue,
And far in the distance arose loftly towers
Of palaces royal, hanging gardens of flowers.

I could scent the perfume wafted slowly along,
I could catch the soft air of their sweet home song;
And I knew all it's people were happy and free,
And I fancied some one a beckoning to me.

One morning it seemed a wide ocean's expanse,
And many fine ships so gallantly danced
Upon it's fair waters—how swiftly they sped,
With every sail set and the flag overhead.

And a very fine cargo of silver and gold,
And as many rich people as their good ships could
 hold;
And I caught this refrain as they passed out of sight,
"We may come sailing back some other cold night."

One morning such glorious mountains appeared,
I knew they were Alps by what I had heard,
And towering above stood the great Matterhorn
Stretching to it's full height, with the sun's early
dawn,
While the rest of the range stood calmly and looked
As you may have seen in some Swiss picture book.

One morning the skies seemed peopled with things
That had neither form, comeliness, or yet even
wings,
And as I sat wondering what they could all be
Some wise person whispered quite softly to me,
"They are new fangled air-ships from over the sea."

Such grand and beautiful sights I have seen;
Churches, cathedrals beyond mortal dream,
Carriages, horses, outriders and all,
Driving over deep glaciers with never a fall;
Every one stood out in their own true place,
And the very last one beat all in the race.

And would you believe, Mt. Zircon stood out,
All bristling with guns and lances to rout
The enemy marching right straight up it's side,
Never once looking backward whatever betide;
And when the last soldier stood safe on the top,
It gave a side lurch and the whole army dropped.

The very best journey must wait over, until
You call some fine morning at old Orchard Hill;
When the bright laughing sunlight looks in from the
 east,
And then I will give you a royal good feast,
And take you all flying over picturesque Maine
With Professor Jack Frost on my own window pane.

LINES ON PRESENTING A WATCH TO REV.
WILLIAM HYDE.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., 1895.

BROTHER, watch, the golden morning
 With it's youthful dream is past,
And the future years before thee,
 Claim from thee thy noblest task.

Brother, watch, the noontide splendors
 Soon will fall upon your way;
Gird your armor for life's conquests,
 Teach the world to watch and pray.

Brother, watch, the evening shadows
 On the wings of time doth fly;
Go ye therefore, teach all nations
 How to live and how to die.

Brother, watch, time will not tarry,
 Years and days will quickly run;
Fill each hour with loving service,
 Watch until your Lord doth come.

FRIEND AMY'S HOME.

WEYMOUTH, MASS, 1871.

A LITTLE cottage shaded o'er
With ivy and the vine,
And fragrant flowers around the door,
By loving hands entwined.

And stately trees and leafy bowers
Where bright birds love to roam
Or rest, and sing their evening hymn;
And this was Amy's home.

A blest retreat, where loving friends
Freed from the day's dull care,
Would often meet the little group
And hold sweet converse there.

Or sing, perchance, some dear old tune
We loved so long ago,
Before our hearts had learned to doubt
The truths this world bestows.

Or listen to some story quaint
Stored in the old sire's mind,
Of good old times and joys and loves,
And the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

Oh, fairy night—Oh, lovely moon,
Still shine o'er Amy's home;
And guard the vine-clad cottage well,
For many years to come.

And when this house shall fail below,
Dear Saviour lead them o'er
To mansions in the Father's house,
Safe on the further shore.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF BABY AMY
CHESSMAN.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., 1870.

BABY is dead, we know—
And given back to Him from whence she came;
And yet we tell of all her winning ways,
And fondly call her by her earthly name.

Baby is dead, we know—
We miss her every hour and every day;
And sometimes fancy we can hear her call,
And turn to look and whisper, "gone away."

Baby is dead, we know—
We feel sometimes it may be for the best,
But yet the stroke was heavy, hard to bear
And kiss the rod and lay her down to rest.

Baby is dead, we know—
Her little carriage stands beside the door,
Her empty chair stands in its usual place;
We call in vain, she will come, nevermore.

Baby is dead, we know—
Her dainty garments decked with colors bright
We dim with tears, forgetting for the while
She is an angel now in realms of light.

Baby is dead, we know—

And from her heavenly home, a little hand
Lays softly down to lift us up from earth,
And guide us safely to the "Better Land."

IN MEMORIAM.

To my Friend Columbia Kimball on the death of her
Sister, Miss Juliette Kimball.

GENTLY, so gently, bear her on her way,
Back to her childhood's home bear her cold
clay,

Where all the loved ones dwell, there let her sleep,
Sleep till that morning, peacefully sleep.

Her work is ended, her sufferings are o'er,
She will come back to her home nevermore;
Angels watch over her, there let her sleep,
Sleep till that morning, peacefully sleep.

VISIT OF MISS ANNIE STOCKBRIDGE

To the old home in Byron, Maine.

SEPT. 1898.

I HAVE looked today on the childhood's home
Of my father, who loved it so dear,
And have tried to picture what they enjoyed
While living and toiling here.

In those happy days of the long ago,
Contentment and plenty, we're told,
Dwelt in these lovely valleys we see
By these rugged mountains bold.

They hardly thought of the world beyond,
 Serenely their years rolled by,
 And here on the hillside, warm and brown,
 The forefathers in silence lie.

The same old mountains keep guard around,
 As in the days of long ago;
 And I fancy myself how grand they must look
 Covered o'er with ice and snow.

The lovely ponds nestling at their feet,
 Looking calm and blue today,
 Were wont to echo the happy songs
 Of the boys and girls at play.

I hear no sound of their pleasant voice,
 No echo comes back again;
 And while I stand gazing far and near
 My heart gives a throb of pain.

And strangers sit at the dear fireside,
 But my treasures they cannot claim,
 For the early life that was lived out here
 Can never come back again.

The dear old scenes of my father's time
 Are spread out before me today,
 The old house, the garden, the orchard and well,
 But no longer life's fair young May.

I shall carry my treasures one by one,
 My memory holds them all dear;
 I thank kind Heaven for the Providence
 That watched over them many a year.

THE OLD HOME AT ANDOVER.

JULY 17, 1896.

LET me come back to the old home once more,
Let me sit here in the old cottage door;
Look on these hills and valleys again,
Though in the pleasure is mingled a pain.

It is the same, and yet not the same,
Here were the fields of corn and of grain.
There where the rocks, the bees, and the flowers
Held me enchanted many long hours.

Ah fair, passing fair, they rise on my sight,
Everything gives my fond heart delight;
Years filled with happiness, days full of glee,
In memory's storehouse treasured for me.

Here is the brook where in boyhood I played,
Here is the seat in the old birch's shade,
Where I sat dreaming of life and of fame;
Here is the tree where I once carved my name.

Here is the field where clover once grew,
How it has shrunk since gone from my view;
Are my eyes dim with Time's lengthening ray?
Is this the old home I visit today?

Here are the trees I planted with care,
Thinking the fruit with my friends I would share;
They have been scattered this many a year,
Down on my cheek I can feel a warm tear.

As I look over these dearly loved scenes,
Count all the years that have rolled in between,
The thought will come home, if the truth must be
told,
It really may be that I'm growing old.

Hark! On my ear falls a murmuring sound,
"Papa, dear papa, I'm so glad you are found."
"Yes, my dear boy, I am dreaming you see,
All my old friends have been talking to me."

Ah yes, we will go. I must bid them farewell;
In this dear old spot I may nevermore dwell;
The last rays of sunlight fell rosy and bright,
And the father and son whispered softly, "Good
night."

THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS.
NATHAN S. LUFKIN, CARIBOU, MAINE.

ELIZABETH A. HOWE.

SEPT. 17, 1845.

SEPT. 17, 1895.

WHAT means this happy gathering
In the dear old home today;
What means the merry voices
Of the children at their play,
In the pleasant autumn sunlight
That September afternoon,
When one can almost fancy
It was a day in June.

The lofty mountains bent their heads
In brightest colors dressed;
The lovely valleys sweetly smiled,
Decked in their very best;
The apple trees stood listening round,
To catch the happy strain,
Of these dear friends, who nevermore
Might wander there again.

The dear old brook sang sweet and low,
When by its side they strayed
To say good bye to every nook,
Where they in childhood played.
And while they lingered by its side,
Their thoughts ran with the stream,
That they today perchance might see
And in the future dream.

From out the quaint old farm house
A cry floats on the air:
"Behold the bridegroom cometh."
Go forth to meet him there,
And give him royal welcome;
He comes to claim his bride,
A winsome country maiden
Stands smiling by his side.

The man of God pronounces
The rite that makes them one;
With friends' and parents' blessing
Life's journey is begun.

And hand in hand we see them
 Set out in earnest quest,
 Their little home an Eden,
 True love a welcome guest.

She leaves her happy home and friends
 Most gladly to bestow
 Her future to his keeping,
 With him toiling below;
 And strong in youth and beauty,
 What aught have they to fear;
 With hopeful, trustful, loving hearts,
 And five hundred a year.

With loving hearts we follow them
 Along life's changing way,
 While little children gather
 Around them day by day;
 Sharing in every blessing
 That falls to their estate,
 And with the happy passing years
 They reach the Silver Gate.

They linger here beside the way
 With smiling tear-lit eyes,
 And backward gaze if happily
 Some forgotten scene may rise.
 Once more beside the laughing brook
 They walk with youthful feet,
 And all their dear old friends again
 In loving friendship greet.

Out from the east the happy chime
Of Golden Wedding Bells,
Comes floating on the wings of time,
Among these hills and dells.
Voices are calling, calling,
I hear them softly say,
“Are there none to remember
Fifty years ago today?”

Ah, yes, some few remember
That happy wedding day,
And send you kindly greeting
To cheer you on your way.
And for your sons and daughters
And dear grandchildren all,
We pray the richest blessings
Of Heaven may ever fall.

We fondly hope the Golden Chime
Will never pass away,
But sing a song of sweet content
E'en to life's latest day;
And may the dear God bless you,
And lead you safely on
To meet the dear loved friends again,
Parted on earth so long.

SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH.

Lines written on the death of Abbie Howe, in her
seventeenth year.

HANOVER, ME., NOV. 29, 1899.

BEAR her to her rest,
In her beauty and bloom;
Scatter lilies and roses
Over her tomb;
No whiter or purer
Than her marble brow,
Scatter them lovingly
Over her now.

Bear her to her rest,
She hath fallen asleep,
Why make ye this ado?
Why dost thou weep?
Sweetly she sleepeth,
'Tis the dear Father's will;
May these words bring you comfort,
For in Him she lives still.

Bear her to her rest,
We shall follow her soon;
The summons may call us,
At morning or noon;
Oh watch and be faithful,
He is able to keep
Our dearly loved ones
Who have fallen asleep.

WEDDING BELLS.

Charles D. Howard and Pearl A. Robertson of Ellis
River, by Rev. Mr. Waterworth.

SEPT. 9, 1899.

WHEN fair September days had come
With all her fruit and flowers;
We heard the Merry Wedding Bells
Ring out the happy hours.

The sweet sounds lingered round the place,
Grown with their love more dear;
And here we hope their home may be
For many a passing year.

We wish them every joy that earth
Can to her children give;
And Heaven's rich blessing day by day,
Attend them while they live.

And may these Happy Wedding Bells
Ring out a sweeter song,
And on each anniversary day
The joyful sound prolong.

A WEDDING CHIME.

For our friends, Edwin S. Cummings and Katherine
N. Elliott, by Rev. G. B. Hannaford.

Nov. 15, 1899.

WEDDING Bells are sweetly chiming, sweetly
chiming,

Round about these snow crowned hills;
Wedding Bells are sweetly chiming, chiming,
Love and joy each fond heart fills,
While within the dear old home,
Friends and kindred hither come
To the marriage feast today.

See the maiden young and fair,
See the gallant lover there,
Smiling while the Wedding Bells
Future hope and joy foretells,
While the bridegroom claims his bride.

May the Wedding Bells sweet chime
Two young hearts in union twine,
Pledged today with hand and heart,
By each one till death doth part.

May the years as they come round
Swell the Wedding Bells' sweet sound,
And linger in our hearts for aye.

THE FORTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY
of Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Abbott, Ellis River.

FORTY years ago in the pleasant Autumn time,
Some few old friends may remember the happy
Wedding Chime;
While the merry song of the cricket among the ripen-
ing grain,
And the murmur of the river sang aloud a sweet re-
frain.

The river still rolls onward to its destined home, the
sea,
You too are hastening onward to your home that is
to be;
And still the cricket's happy song falls on your lis-
tening ear,
While your children and grandchildren gather round
with happy cheer.

And should you stay among us till you reach the
Golden Gate,
May fortune smile upon you while you with joy re-
late
To the dear old friends who greet you upon that gala
day,
The happiness and pleasure of your Fortieth Wed-
ding Day.

THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY OF MRS.
HANNAH MARTIN ABBOTT.

Celebrated by a company of eighty relatives, friends
and neighbors.

ELLIS RIVER, JUNE 2, 1882.

A NOTHER fair June day
Is opening to my view,
Though I am eighty years today
The scene is fresh and new.

I thank the blessed Lord
That keeps me day by day,
And leads me by His own right hand
Through all my pilgrim way.

I still can see His love
In every leaf and flower,
The countless blessings of His hand
Unfolding every hour.

I still can hear the songs
Of birds among the trees;
The gentle murmur of the brook,
Borne on the evening breeze.

I still can taste and see
How good my Lord has been,
In granting all these gifts to me,
Long past three-score and ten.

I still can smell the sweets
Of odors wafted by,
And wonder if such rich perfumes
In lands enchanted lie.

I still can feel His love
My throbbing heart inflame,
And still adore His matchless grace,
And praise His holy name.

And I can well conceive
The love of Christ, my Lord,
And plead His precious promises
In His most Holy Word.

I still have kindred friends
To love and care for me,
A peaceful home where flowering vines
Cling to it tenderly.

I still sit 'neath the trees
I planted long ago,
Whose spreading branches o'er me now
A grateful shadow throw.

And looking out today
On all this prospect fair,
My heart is filled with joy and peace
The proud world cannot share.

I calmly watch and wait,
Whate'er the season be,
Till a more glorious day shall break
Eternally for me.

TRIBUTE TO SULLIVAN R. HUTCHINS.

A Soldier of the Civil War.

THE bugle calls from all these hills and valleys,
We gather once again, bringing May's fairest flowers;

And with united hearts, most loyal, true and tender,
We consecrate anew these few memorial hours.

The bugle calls,—the past is gone forever,
No more to be enacted in this happy land and age;
But some of us here present remember well the story,
Which others haply read today upon fair histories' page.

The bugle calls,—let us arouse to duty,
And while 'tis called today lift up our feeble voice;
And to these waiting veterans, a willing hand extending,
Bid them be of good courage and in present hours rejoice.

The bugle calls,—calls home to every comrade;
The last dread enemy to be destroyed is death,
Which you must fight alone, and only will you conquer
Through Him whose love and power and grace giveth both life and breath.

The bugle calls,—let each one be found ready,
Whene'er the Captain's call shall fall upon the ear;
Present your faithful arms in humble supplication,
And to your worthy names let each one answer,
"Here."



THE OLD FIREPLACE.

A FIRESIDE REVERIE.

WHAT dost thou see in the bright firelight?
What are you gazing at, tell us tonight;
How many merry maidens like thee,
Have built fairy castles by mountain and sea.

How many cities with mansions and towers,
Have these embers brought out in life's happy hours?
How many journeys have we been far and near,
By the old fireside, when we were all here?

Where have they all journeyed, Oh tell me, I pray;
So few gather round on this Thanksgiving day;
But I know their thoughts wander to that happy
time,
While they tell their dear children of days, "Auld
Lang Syne."

We will keep the fire burning, and send out its light,
While we gather them all by our hearthstone tonight;
And the past and the present in memory hold dear,
While we talk of our future meeting next year.

EVENING.

THE year is drawing to a close,
With all its varied care,
And silence falls with gentle hush
Upon the evening air.

The last beams of the Autumn sun
Are lingering on the hills,
And in the valleys rise a mist,
Guarding the peaceful rills.

The winds are hushed in sweet repose,
At this calm evening hour;
And looking on the peaceful scene
We feel a Sovereign power

That watches o'er the universe,
Both when we wake or sleep,
And through the darkness of the night
Will all earth's children keep.

And in this confidence I trust,
And close my weary eyes,
And dream of happier, fairer lands,
Beyond the western skies.

THE PICNIC.

THE Ellis River on a Picnic would go,
Without any regard to the weather bureau;
And whether the project was foolish or wise,
It drew plentiful tears straight out from the skies.

The first thing on reaching Hanover town,
Was a runaway horse with a lady in brown;
And excepting a little wholesome fright,
The lady escaped from the racket all right.

The next thing was a shaking of hands all around
With our cousins and aunts and friends out of town;
And watching the groups of belles and the beaux,
And wondering if Snooks would dare to propose.

There were people gathered from all over Maine,
And a few I am told from the old Bay State came,
And all had the freedom of nice country places,
With a kind invitation to join in the races.

The grounds were in order, Dame Nature had laid
Her carpet of moss in the pine woody shade;
The sun peeping through seemed to whisper and say,
"I hope you will have a fine time today."

So we spread out our dinners beneath the old trees,
And some of us even got down on our knees,
And fell to and ate beans, pickles and pie,
Till a halt was called out from a lowering sky.

And whether time, or a wager, we all tried to gain,
Our plans were held up by a sprinkling of rain,
And our baskets were hustled up into a line,
And some of us missed getting a taste of the wine.

We hope, however, that all had enough;
There was a variety of nice fruit and stuff;
When the Ellis arises he never sits down
Without a good puff for his own native town.

The minister worked well to keep all in their places
By being the umpire in most of the races;
But I heard it said in the great potato game,
Both sides had an equal share of the blame.

And in the rope contest both sides pulled out well,
But which was the better, no one there could tell;
First one side, then the other, seemed ready to beat,
When, lo! the weak side beat a hasty retreat.

It was really the funniest part of the play,
The old men and deacons joined in the fray,
And the children all joined with their noise and
 shout,
And all the young ladies helped the weakest side out.

The rain hung around like a bashful lover,
To see what new charms he there might discover;
And hovered close to the ball game racket,
And sent them all flying to put on their jackets.

At last the rain drove them into the barn,
Where they were all safe from cold and from harm;
And instead of sitting down beaten and meek,
I am told they all played the old game, Hide and
 Seek.

I heard of one lady in meditative mood,
That was left all alone in the old pine wood
In a big arm chair till late in the day,
When some gay gallant came and took her away.

You never can tell what a Picnic will do
Till you start one a rolling and help push it thro';
We trust no one present will ever forget
The friends who stood by them and the dinner they
 ate.

The next time the Ellis arises to go
Out of town on a Picnic, I hope he will know
That the very best thing to take in the start
Is a fair smiling morning with courage of heart.

RUMFORD GRANGE FIELD DAY.

JUNE 17, 1892.

THIS is the day we celebrate,
The Granger's great Field Day,
And all it's one and thousand friends,
Welcome as flowers in May.

These grand old mountains smile on you,
In dress-parade attire,
And all the bean pots at command
Are hissing near the fire.

All Ellis River welcomes you,
And takes you by the hand,
And wishes you a lovely time
Among this joyous band.

Time was when rich men and esquires
Were held in great renown;
Today, before the farming world,
The greatest men bow down.

And farmers too, are rising fast,
They stand on every square,
And when the spoils are gathered in
They claim an equal share.

And farmers' wives are growing bold
 Throughout our loyal State,
You'll find them everywhere today
 Where people congregate.

And farmers' sons stand side by side
 With neighboring city swells,
You'll see them making love today
 To our sweet country belles.

And farmers' daughters will compare
 With any in the land;
We hear that lords and marquises
 Are suing for their hand.

Our bachelors are hanging back
 In many a noble cause;
We trust they'll find their proper place
 When women make the laws.

And when you celebrate next year,
 And credit hope to win,
Hang all your loftiest banners out
 And call the old maids in.

A FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

On the Ellis River, 1899.

EVERY year when the Fourth of July comes
around,
We all spring to our feet, look about, and sit down,
Fold our hands complaisantly, one and all,
The wise and the simple, the great and the small,
And say to ourselves, "Where, Oh where shall we
meet,
And where are the ones to give us a nice treat?"

We ask these stale questions from sheer force of
habit,
And are answered this year by our friends, Walter
Abbott
And his estimable wife, no prouder or wiser
Was a man ever blessed with as helper and adviser.
'This bright sunny spot has been their chief care
Since they started out life's blessings to share,
And we hope they will never far away stray,
But grow richer and happier every new day.

They have laid out these grounds with a great deal
of skill,
And deserve from us all our esteem and good will;
And Dame Nature has given us a grateful shade,
And a carpet of green for our feet has been laid;
Wild flowers and shrubs are everywhere;
And if you please we will now prepare
To give to our host and hostess a yell,—

Now, all hands—hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
That will send the echoes o'er hill and dell,
And awaken our slumbering powers to see
The joys of our country's liberty.

I had thoughts to decline your late invitation,
And listen to some other Fourth of July pre-oration;
You have all heard me say I would take no back
 seat,
And never confess my voice had a squeak;
And here on this glorious Fourth of July
I stand out today and the Ellis defy.

The first thing in order to my mind appears,
Is to give this happy day three rousing cheers,
Now all hands—hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
That's well done my friends, strong, willing and
 heartly;
We may now call ourselves a well organized party.

The next thing I speak of is our lovely stream,
Which meanders along like a mid-summer dream,
The Ellis to every occasion will rise,
It never was known to be took by surprise;
It is always seeking some stronger power;
It never was known to idle an hour;
Year in and year out it hastens along,
Every new season singing the same old song.

We call the Ellis our pride and joy;
Some one may recall the daring boy

Taking his first swim by its sandy side,
And boldly reaching the other side.
Wherever you find those boys today,
Beside the Ellis they'll fondly stray;
And in memory live the old times o'er;
For those happy days give three cheers more,
Now all hands—hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

I will only point to our mountains grand,
You will see at once how firm they stand;
How proudly they lift their heads to the breeze,
What a fine array of native trees;
How content they seem with their humble lot,
You will find each one in the same old spot;
Today they beckon and call to you,
"To life and its duties be true, be true."

There is one thing we prize of our earthly joys,
And that is our complement of nice girls and boys;
We laugh and grow young and giddy again,
While we join with them in some Fourth July game;
And live over again the far away time
When we like them were in fair spring-time.

These homes in the valley, how great is their worth;
To what noble heroes have they given birth.
Our fathers and grandfathers lived to the close
Of life, and now rest here in peaceful repose.
Our grandmothers too, God bless the old dames,
Whom we honor today, some of us bear their names;
We ne'er can recount the good they have done
If we stand here and talk till going down of the sun,
And we hope their blessing rests on us today;
To their happy country we are all on the way.

To the fathers and mothers of the Ellis today,
We give royal greeting, forever and aye;
We are proud to number them all as our friends,
No distance or time disenchantment lends.

We rejoice with our neighbor in every good
That comes to him, as neighbors should,
And weep with them when trouble is near,
Are ready to offer a word of cheer,
And wish every one riches, honors, renown,
And should they desire the first places in town.
Or if they to higher aspirations are bent,
May they, if it please you, be our next president;
And while we're about it give three rousing cheers,
Now all hands—hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

These charming old spots where we often have met,
Hold many fond memories we cannot forget;
The brook babbling by, the rocks and the trees,
Where we flung out our stars and stripes to the
breeze;
The music, the laughter, repartee and jest,
With our country cousins and friends we like best.

To enjoy a fine dinner so dainty and rare,
Was ever one known with this one to compare.
We hope to meet you here next Fourth of July;
'Tis time to be going, good bye, friends, good bye.
Three cheers for the Abbotts, the day and the river,
All hands—hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, forever!

A RANDOM SHOT.

Written for Rumford Centre Grange.

I'M going to send a random shot
At a venture around the Grange;
And simply a visitor with you today,
Propose a radical change.

'Tis a common subject, commonly told,
About our good ways of living;
The men all the moneys to have and to hold,
Do the buying, the selling, the giving.

And if a time comes when a woman desires
To spend but just one little penny,
She looks so dejected and shyly around,
For she knows she never has any.

Now what is the reason, I ask you here;
Hasn't she wisdom and powers of discretion?
Or must she be hampered all through her life,
And never this vexed subject mention.

Do the ladies like it? Of course they do not,
Just try it yourselves and you'll see;
Let them take the purse for one little month,
And pass your reports in to me.

There are men here today who have seen often-
times
A woman step into the store,
Make purchases wise and pay for the same,
Be politely bowed out of the door.

Another would enter, look timidly round,
 Her case you could not understand;
 I must certainly tell you, you never could guess,
 She has not a cent in her hand.

She stands and waits till her lord appears,
 And tremblingly says, "Do you think
 You could just afford me a new calico?"
 But he sharply says, "That stuff will shrink."

And so they go quietly out, and the door
 Shuts to with a doleful bang;
 And every woman here today
 That woman's heart understands.

Is it right, is it just, I would ask you good friends,
 Who has helped earn your homes and your gold?
 Who else, in every time of need
 Could your households direct and control?

And shall it be said she has no right
 To have, or to hold, as her dower
 An opinion, a pleasure, or privilege,
 Or a voice in the money power?

Oh question me not, good friends, why I'm single,
 I would not attempt to make you understand;
 But I think if I'd married I would still like to
 carry
 My own well earned money in my trusty right
 hand.

I would like to have you for the next thousand
days

Let the women folks have their full sway,
With the purse and the rake and the scrubbing
brush,

And then look around your home way.

And see how cheery the world would look,

What comforts fall into your way;

And every one here would pardom me

For the random shot given today.

ELLIS RIVER LITERARY UNION.

The President's Message.

DEC. 13, 1892.

WHOEVER yet heard in any clime
The President's Message appearing in rhyme;
The Ellis River this queer statement makes,
And tonight calls out loudly, "Bring on your nice
cakes,

And pass them around to every guest,
And have the committee decide which is best."

The making of cakes is like making of lines,
One must well understand the mixing of kinds;
Or else when all has been said or been done,
Our cakes won't pan out as well as begun.

The President thinks of the hopes and the fears
That may drop down on him in the space of four
years;

But we have only one year of such doubt,

Before half of that time I may be turned out,
Because, forsooth, I have trangressed some law
By trying to get the whole power in my paw.

Great questions before the President are laid,
Some white as the snow, others darker in shade;
But over them all he must cast his right eye,
And sign them or veto, his reasons tell why;
Not only our country but others as well
Are listening to hear our United States Bell
Call all her people to do just their best
For earth or for heaven and trust God for the rest.

I am glad you are listening to what I may say,
Let us all pull together and pull the same way;
We are not called upon to pull up the stream,
But we must look out for the mote or the beam,
The story is found in the good old book,
Perhaps we had all better give it a look,
That we may not condemn poor Mary or Martha,
Or pass our opinions on our little party.

It seems to me now we have only smooth sailing,
Our boat Enterprise will not need any bailing;
She will carry as many as can be put on,
And as she moves forward we will sing a glad song.

Three cheers for Ellis River inventions,
We are pleased to see you in our kitchen conventions;
We hope to find the latch strings all out
When we get under way on our Literary route;
As we glide down the stream of time, or the river,

We hope no one will be timid or quiver.
We want every one to rejoice and be glad
And tell all their friends the good times we've had;
And may every meeting be full of good cheer,
And our Union prosper the coming year.

THE CLOSING SESSION OF THE LITERARY
UNION.

ELLIS RIVER, DEC. 16, 1893.

THE year is growing darksome and old,
The trees stand out barren, lifeless and cold;
The orchards and meadows are robed all in white,
Jack Frost is abroad on a mission tonight;
And it is a pleasure he'd not like to miss,
To catch some young lady and give her a kiss.

Like our dear old friend Jack, I've come out tonight
To start off this Union both safely and right;
For you all well know we've had very fine times
Eating our own cakes, reading our own rymes.

Of course you all know my term has expired,
With all those devices by which I'm admired;
And now it devolves upon my successor,—
Here's hoping you choose a wiser and better,
One better adapted to winning of races,
Or leading your thoughts to the Muses and Graces;
Keep everything moving along in good order,
And things more of interest haply discover,
That we may all grow in wisdom and graces,
And all do our best to serve in our places.

One must not expect in these latter days
To be flattered or stuffed with unmeaning praise.
We hope every one will feel it their duty,
Whatever the cause, to respect age and beauty;
And not stand and wait for the good time coming,
But work with a will and keep things a humming;
And while old Boreas sweeps down o'er the hills,
Let us keep the ball rolling and pay our own bills.

I see my dear friends are standing about,
So I'll make my adieus and bow myself out,
First thanking this body for all their endeavor
To give me fair field as well as fair favor.

Let us hope that the days and weeks as they fly
Will bring naught but blessings as they hurry by;
Good bye to the old year, we'll welcome the new,
With the kindest of wishes I bid you adieu.

ORATION AT HUTCHINS' GROVE.

NORTH RUMFORD, JULY 4, 1892.

AT daybreak this morning I said to myself,
Miss Lucretia T. Howe come down from your
shelf;
You are not surely thinking to be perched high and
dry
In your own native town on the Fourth of July.

At sunrise I stood looking anxious around,
But not a single idea could be found;
I thought it no use to stand there a wishing,
So with old Isaac Walton I went off a fishing.

We took what long has been known as Howe's brook,
And in its clear waters by hook or by crook,
We managed to land a nice kettle of fish,
Which I will serve up in a silver-lined dish;
All who are in favor please to say, I,
When I will proceed the whole string to fry.

When eight bells rang I had barely time
To wheel my fishes and thoughts into line;
And should you find a break in the story,
I would say I'm not talking for honor or glory.

Some one may have told you that I took the cake
At Rumford Grange Field Day, but that's a mistake;
I never took it at all, at all,
The field was too wide, my potatoes too small,
And I scattered my shot, now here, now there,
With never a point scored anywhere.

I might have told them, Rumford men
Were as good as were found in the human pen,
And that the fame of their wives and daughters
Had spread far beyond "the Father of Waters;"
And that Maine's sons stood on every shore,
Looking for worlds to conquer more.

I might have told them to stick to the farm;
Paint up the old house, square up the old barn;
And if they would all grow wiser and richer,
And make the old farm pay, they'd just got to ditch
her,
And feed her on something better than slops

If they would draw in a rich harvest of crops.
Trade all their fast horses for good honest plows;
Make long and deep furrows as the Maine law
allows;

Clear out all the corners and fill up the hollows,
If they would rake in the almighty dollars;
And all of the people get down off their stilts,
Men stick to the soil, women spin their own quilts;
And send Paul Revere riding over the town
To put every treasonable question down;
And hang all the croakers and false alarms
With their hue and cry of abandoned farms;
And teach all the children their nursery rhymes,
If they would again see the good old times.

I'd like the old farm with all of its cares,
If a man could be found to help run it on shares;
There's only two encumbrances on it,
Though some people say they wear bees in their
bonnet;

And with the honest face of a Quaker,
And the honest charms of Miss Betsy Baker;
I fear the old farm will have to go,
Because no such man can be found in the show.

Upon a time, and I might say once,
Children came flocking to town in a bunch,
I grew up myself in a nest of eleven;
I had to knit my own stockings at seven,
And help milk the cows at ten and eleven.

I had no time when I was a girl
My face to paint or my hair to curl,
And that is the reason I am afraid,
I stand here today a charming old maid.
I sometimes think I am pensioned for life,
Save all your pity for somebody's wife;
"Here I remain" like John Alden you see,
What will become of Priscilla and me.

We welcome our friends from over the river;
I will look to my bow and refill my quiver,
And give them a broadside of love and good wishes,
And hope they'll enjoy the loaves and the fishes;
And not point to us as the Fourth they review,
And say that the distance enchanted the view.

Some one here may say I am spinning my theme
Beyond a painter's or poet's dream;
Others may say I am bungling my story,
I'm not talking today for money or glory.

This is the glorious Fourth of July,
And sure on this day no good Christian would lie;
Three cheers for the flag, now—hurrah, rah, rah,—
 long may it wave,
And our homes long be free, our hearts all be brave.

But I just want to tell you what I'd like to do
To show you my good will through and through;
You know that I love you in spite of your sins,
Though you sometimes may feel I am hard on the
 shins;

Why I'd just like to take you, with all of our Moun-
tains,
Our Rivers, our Falls, our Maine Law and Fountains,
Why I'd just take you all to the Columbian Exposi-
tion
And pass you all in as a free Exhibition.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

FAIR Autumn days, why must you hurry by?
Is it to tell the time is drawing nigh
For our dear old Thanksgiving Day
That calls the children to their homes once more,
From distant towns and states and foreign shore?

How many eyes will turn to the fair East,
And see again the bounteous Autumn feast
Spread out on this Thanksgiving Day;
Eyes that may never lingering look again
Upon the dear old home and native plain?

These dear old times we never can forget,
Within the heart's deep well they linger yet,
Sweet memories of Thanksgiving Day;
And many fervent prayers arise today,
God bless the dear old homes Thanksgiving Day.

THE END.

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